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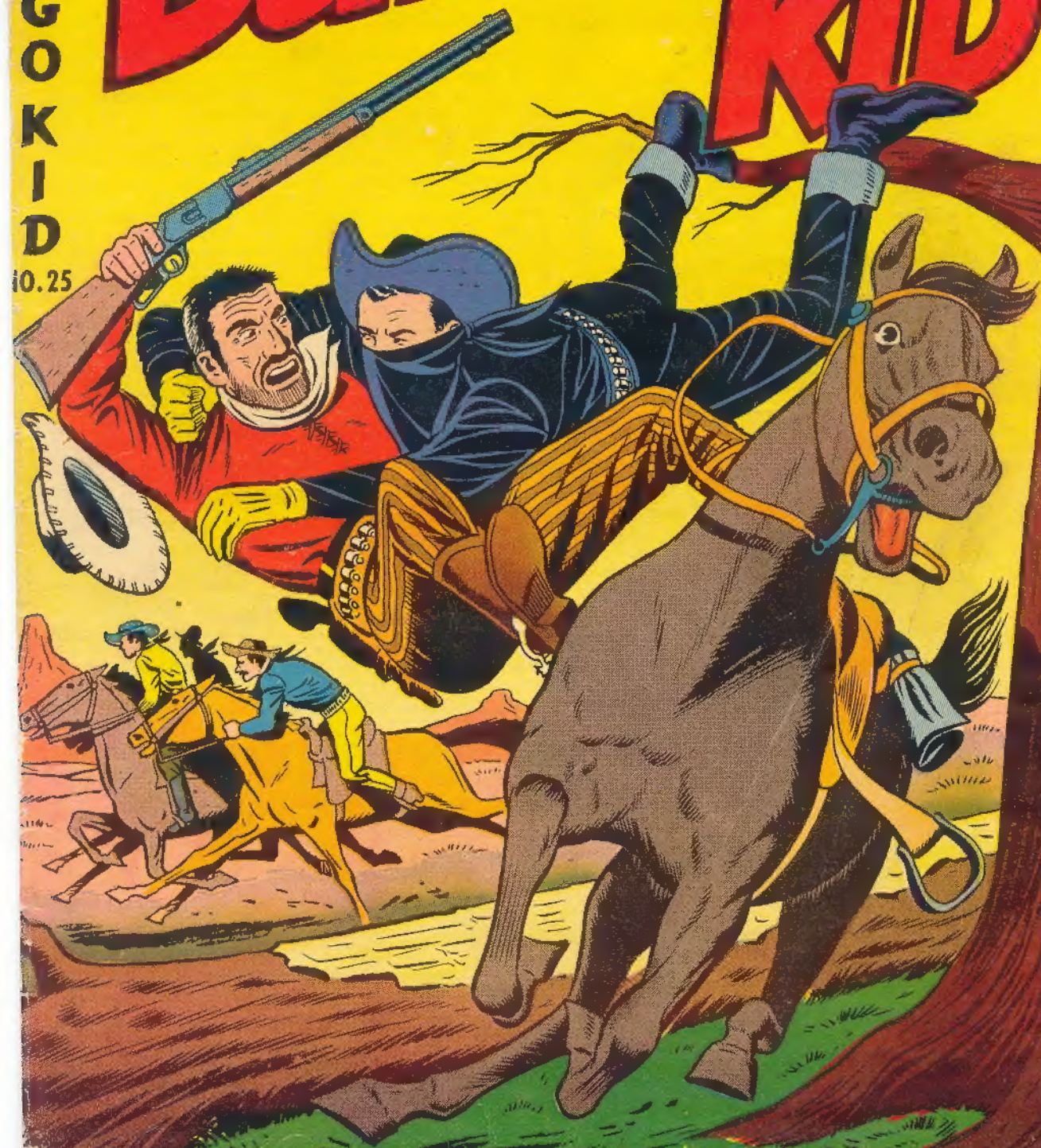
CHARLES STARRETT as

The

DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

10.25



**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE **BIG MONEY**

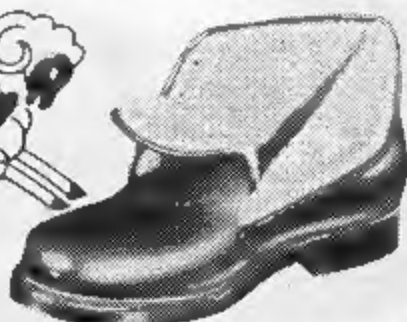
WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS



Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets — nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!



Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scuff, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-eex Air-Cushion Shoes in 160 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Inner-sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want — they keep re-ordering, too — put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today — I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA130
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

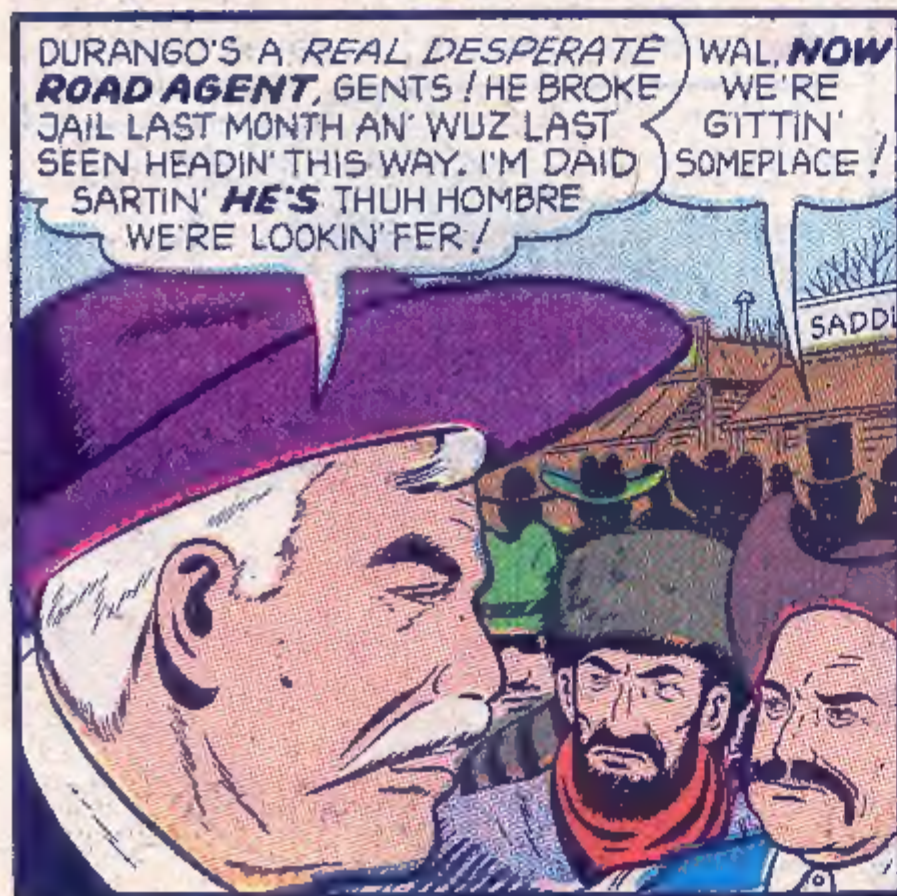
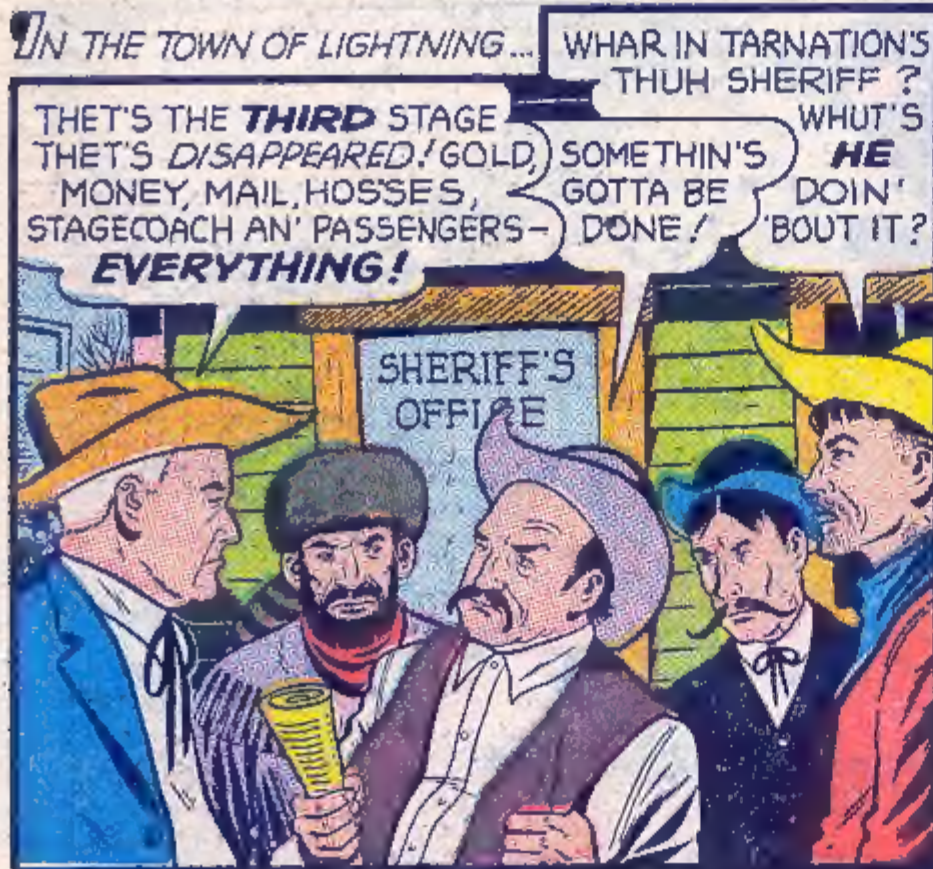
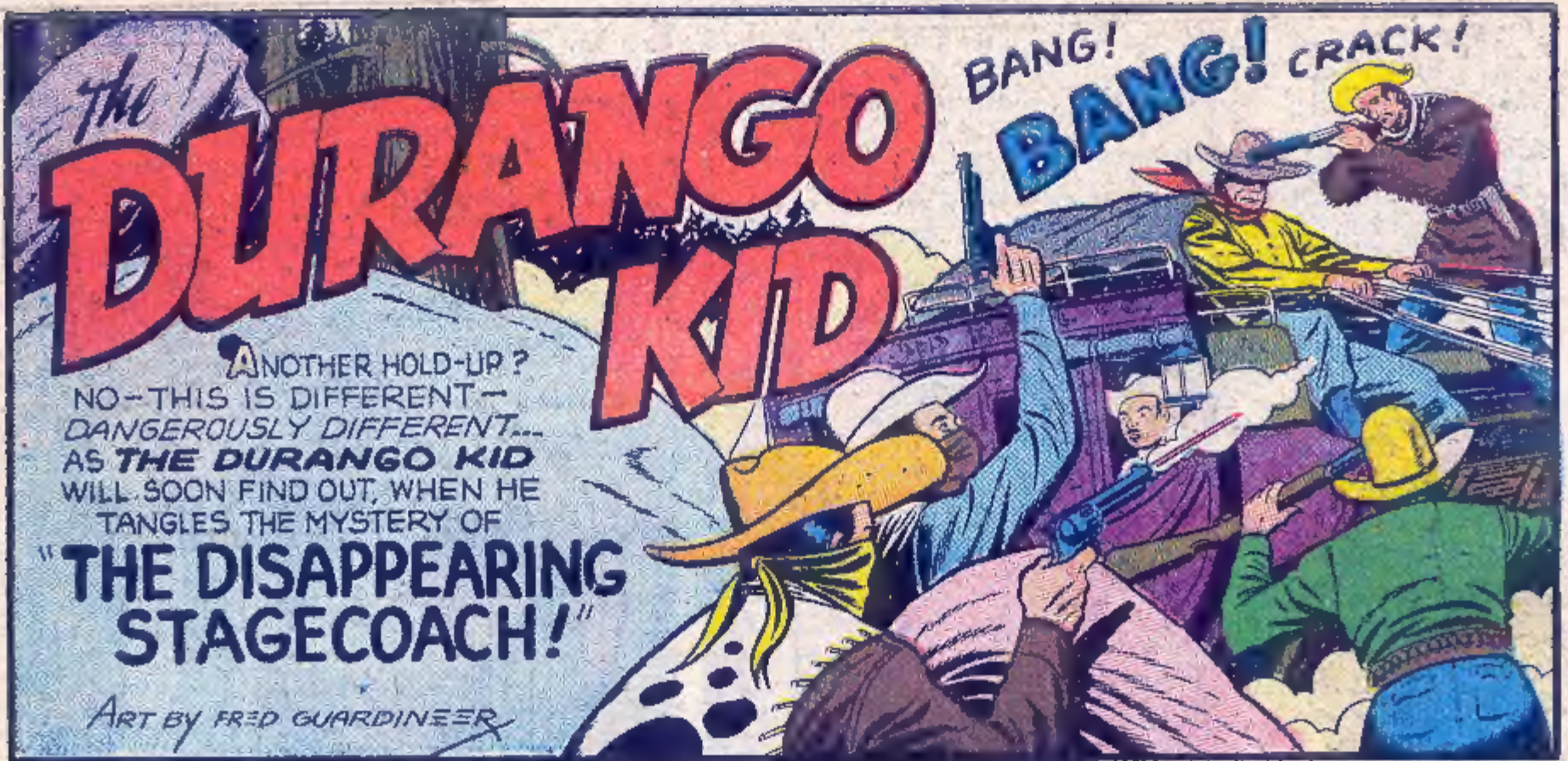
Town _____ State _____

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

MASON SHOE MFG CO.
DEPT. MA130
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



THE DURANGO KID

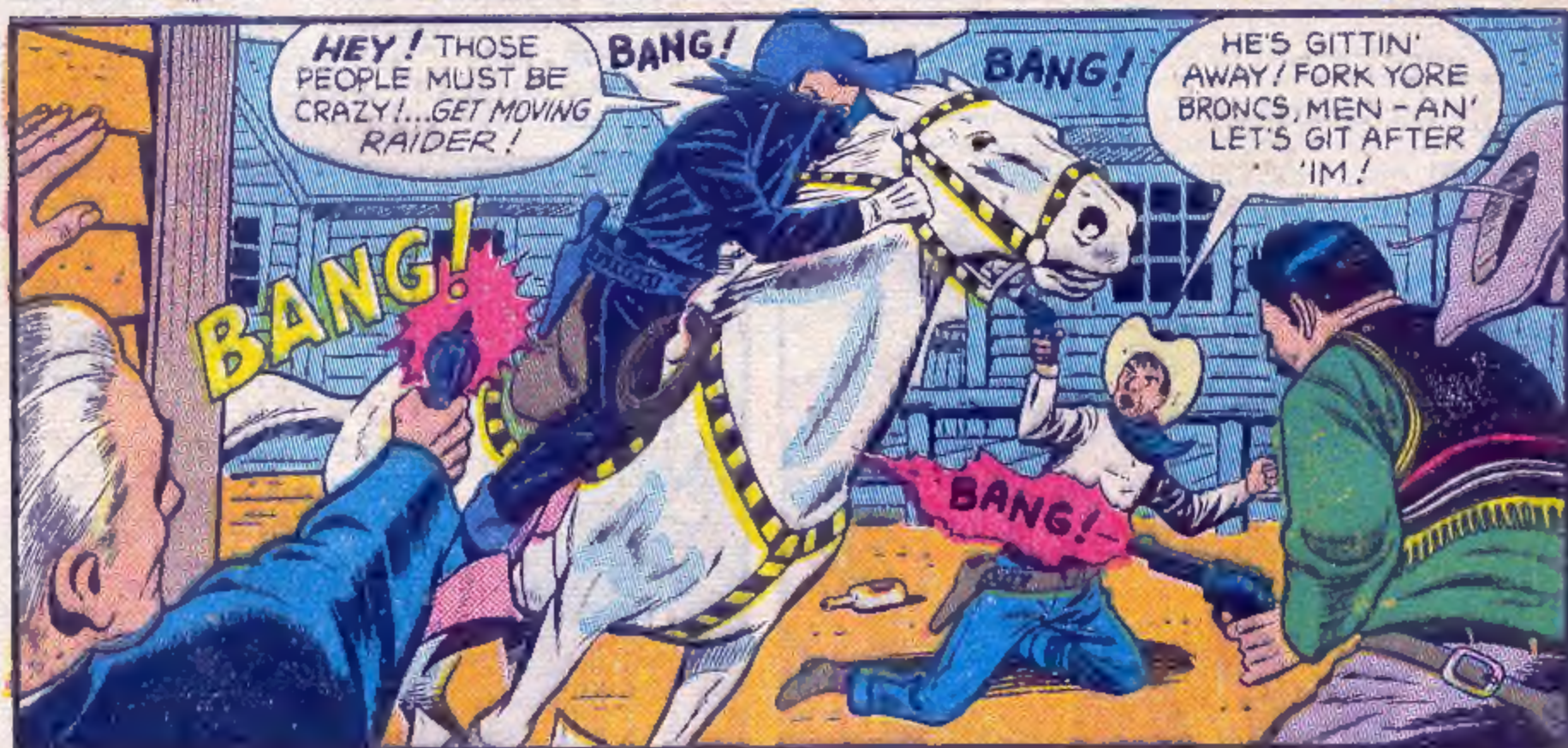
WAL, IT SHORE AIN'T EASY KEEPIN' ALL THEM STAGES, HOSSES AN' PASSENGERS AT THUH HIDEOUT! I DUNNO WHY WE JEST CAIN'T TAKE THUH MONEY AN' LET THEM PASSENGERS GO?

WE'RE KEEPIN' 'EM AT THUH HIDEOUT SO THAR WON'T BE **ANY** CLUES OR EVIDENCE AG'IN US! LET **ME** DO THUH THINKIN', IDAHO. WE'LL SOON MAKE OUR PILE AN' CLEAR OUT...!

LATER THAT DAY... A BLACK-CLOTHED FIGURE COMES RIDING INTO TOWN...

HOLY SMOKE? AIN'T **THET** THUH HOMBRE ON THUH POSTER?

THUH DURANGO KID! WHUT NERVE!... GIT 'IM!

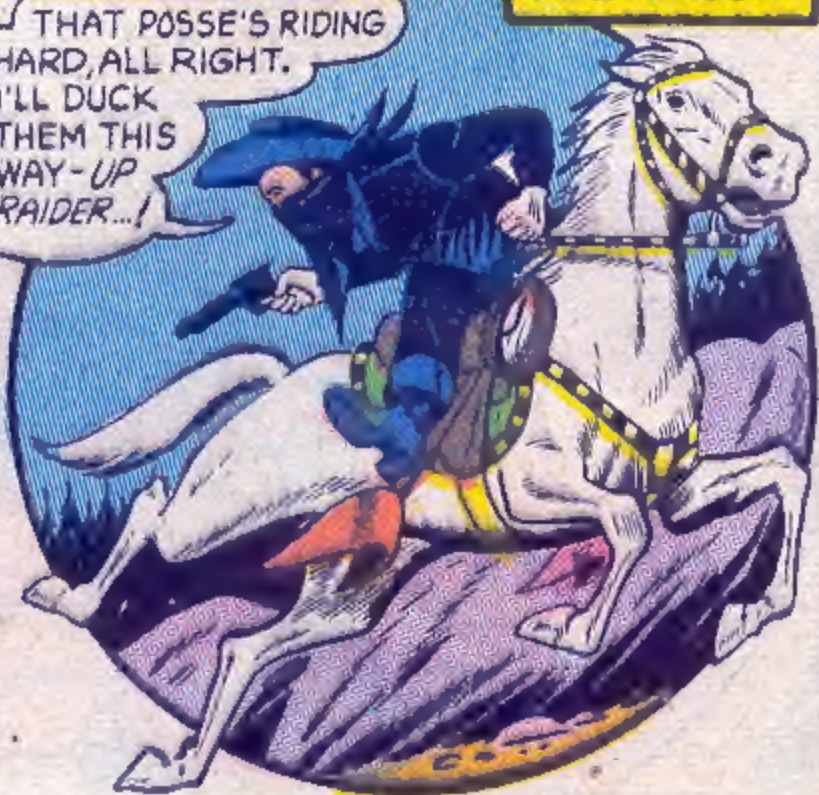


HOP YORE HOSSES AN' RIDE WITH THET POSSE, IDAHO! TAKE TWO OTHER BOYS WITH YOU. **MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH DURANGO...!**

RIGHT! THET DURANGO'S TOO VALUABLE TO US! WE WANT HIM ON THUH LOOSE!... LET'S GO, BOYS!

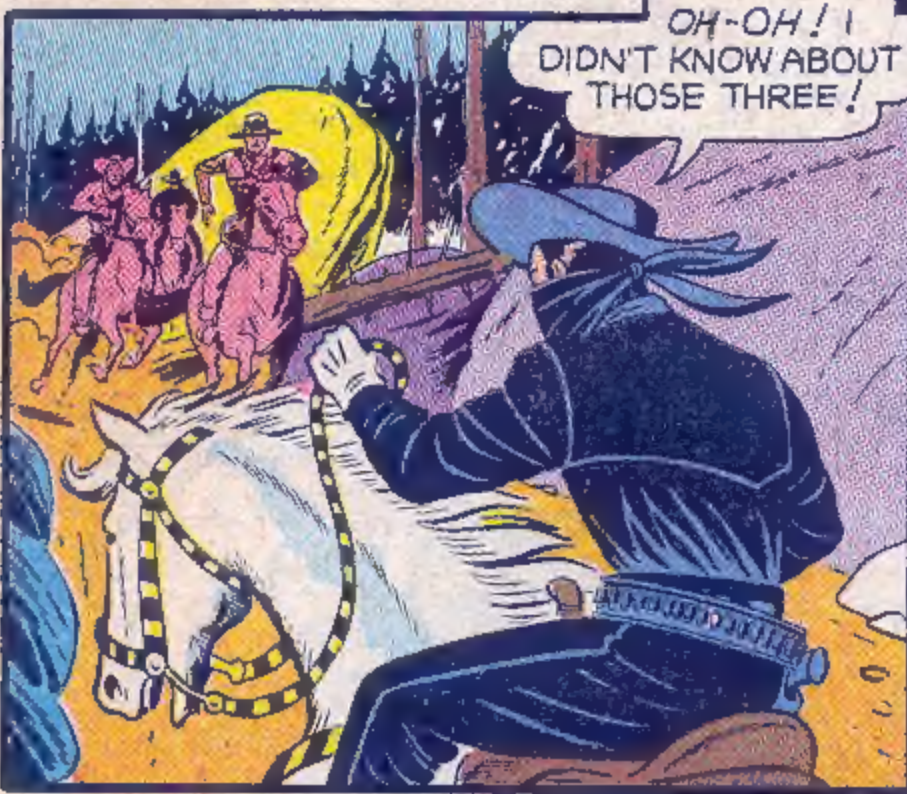
MEANWHILE, DURANGO STREAKS THROUGH ROCK PASS...

THAT POSSE'S RIDING HARD, ALL RIGHT. I'LL DUCK THEM THIS WAY-UP RAIDER...!



THE DURANGO KID

DURANGO DUCKS THE POSSE - BUT ONLY TO RIDE HEADLONG INTO BARTON'S MEN!



OH-OH! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE THREE!



BEHIND THIS ROCK, RAIDER! I CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FROM HERE - WELL, I'LL BE -! THEY'RE NOT EVEN FOLLOWING ME!



STRANGE - I **KNOW** THEY SAW ME! NOW HERE COMES THE REST OF THE POSSE, DOUBLING BACK!

HEY, IDAHO! SEEN ANYTHIN' OF THET DURANGO HOMBRE!



SHORE DID, SHERIFF! HE WENT THAT WAY AN' HE WUZ MOVIN' FAST!

THANKS... LET'S GO, BOYS!

THEY DELIBERATELY PUT THE SHERIFF ON THE **WRONG** TRACK! FOR SOME REASON, THOSE THREE HOMBRES DON'T WANT ME CAPTURED! NOW, I WONDER WHY? AND NOW - THEY'RE RIDING AWAY...!

FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT - ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUCTIONS...



WELL, SHERIFF - LOOKS LIKE YOU DUCKED YOUR POSSE, ALL RIGHT.

RIGHT - AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU DID TOO. YOU SHORE GAVE US A RUN FER OUR MONEY, DURANGO! I GUESS OUR PLAN'S WORKIN'! IT WUZ A GOOD IDEA OF MINE - CALLIN' YOU IN ON THUH CASE...



THE DURANGO KID

NOW, EVERYBODY THINKS **YUH'RE** THUH ROAD AGENT WHUT DID THEM HOLDUPS. THET OUGHTA MAKE THUH REAL OWLHOOTS DROP THEIR GUARD A BIT!

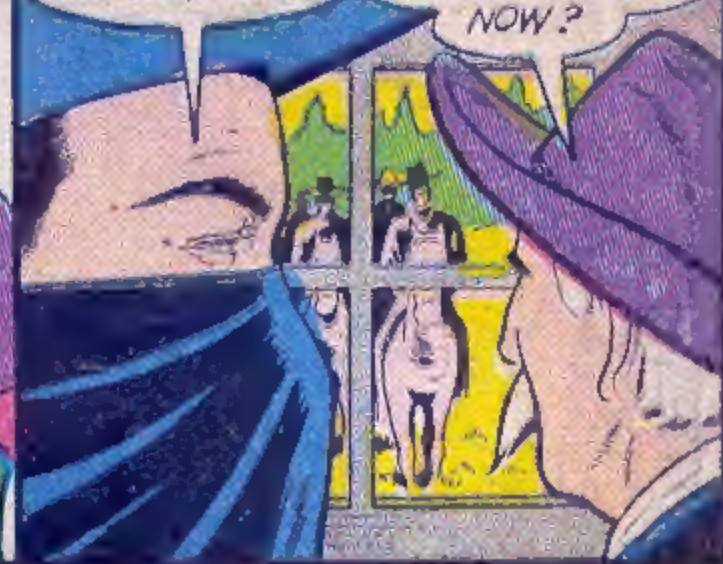
I THINK THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR GUARD ALREADY, SHERIFF...

THAT HOMBRE IN THE CHECKERED HAT- AND HIS BUDDIES- SAW ME THIS AFTERNOON. BUT THEY SENT YOU OFF THE WRONG WAY!

WHY, THOSE GUYS WERE BUCK BARTON'S MEN!

WHY DID THEY DO THAT?... NOW-IF **THEY** WERE THE REAL ROAD AGENTS, IT WOULD BE MIGHTY HANDY FOR THEM TO HAVE A **PHONY** SUSPECT RUNNING AROUND, RIGHT?

RIGHT! BUT WE WON'T GIT A CHANCE TUH DO ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT-**HYAR** COMES MUH POSSE, MUSTA FOLLOWED MUH TRACKS! WHUT D'WE DO NOW?



ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SHERIFF-**ARREST ME!** HERE'S MY GUN. WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING LATER ON!

TARNATION- I DIDN'T COUNT ON **THIS!**



ALL RIGHT, HOMBRE-**MOVE!**

HEY, LOOK- THUH SHERIFF'S GOT 'IM!

GREAT WORK, SHERIFF! LET'S GIT 'IM IN JAIL! HE'S TRICKY!



LATER, IN TOWN...

WHUT THUH-! I COULDA SWORN I SENT THET POSSE OFF THUH WRONG WAY!

SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! LOOKS LIKE THET DURANGO HOMBRE AIN'T SO SMART... WE GOTTA GIT 'IM OUTA JAIL, IDAHO. HE'S NO GOOD TO US BEHIND BARS!



NOW LISSEN CLOSE, GIT SOME O'THUH BOYS TUH WORK THUH SALOONS. WHIP UP A **LYNCH MOB** SEE?

I GIT IT. WE'LL RAISE A HULLABALOO AN' THEN...



THE DURANGO KID

THAT NIGHT! A MOB FILLED WITH LYNCH FURY, HOWLS OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

BRING 'IM OUT! BRING OUT THE DURANGO!

GOLLY, THIS IS AWFUL! I DUNNO EF I KIN HOLD 'EM OFF! WOTTA FIX!



THEN, THROUGH A BACK DOOR...

COME ON, DURANGO—MOVE! YUH'RE COMIN' WITH US!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!



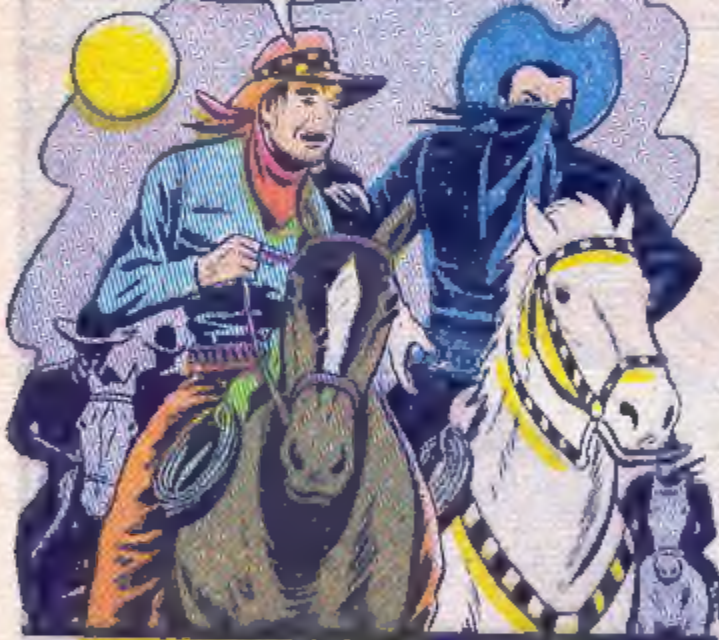
WE GOT YORE HORSE FER YUH, DURANGO. HOP ON AN' COME ALONG WITH US!

THEN YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE LYNCH MOB? YOU'RE HELPING ME BREAK JAIL...!



THET'S RIGHT! WE GOT ORDERS TUH BRING YUH TUH OUR HIDE OUT. YUH'LL NEED A GOOD PLACE TUH LAY LOW FER AWHILE.

WELL—THANKS, MISTER!



LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT...

SO—HERE'S WHERE THOSE STAGES AND PASSENGERS ARE!

RIGHT! SMART, HUH? YUH'RE PART OF OUR GANG NOW, DURANGO—TUH BOSS WANTS IT THET WAY. YUH'LL DRAW REGULAR RIDIN' PAY AN YUH'LL TAKE ORDERS—GET IT?



SUITS ME! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD GANG TO HITCH UP WITH, GETTING TIRED OF RIDIN' ALONE!

FINE! WE'RE GOIN' TUH GIT THUH BOSS NOW. YOU STAY HERE AN' HELP THUH BOYS GUARD THEM PRISONERS. SO LONG!



HOW ABOUT TAKIN' OVER FER ME FER A COUPLE MINUTES, DURANGO? — I COULD USE SOME RELIEF.

SURE THING!



THE DURANGO KID



MIND IF I RELIEVE YOU OF THIS **RIFLE** FIRST?

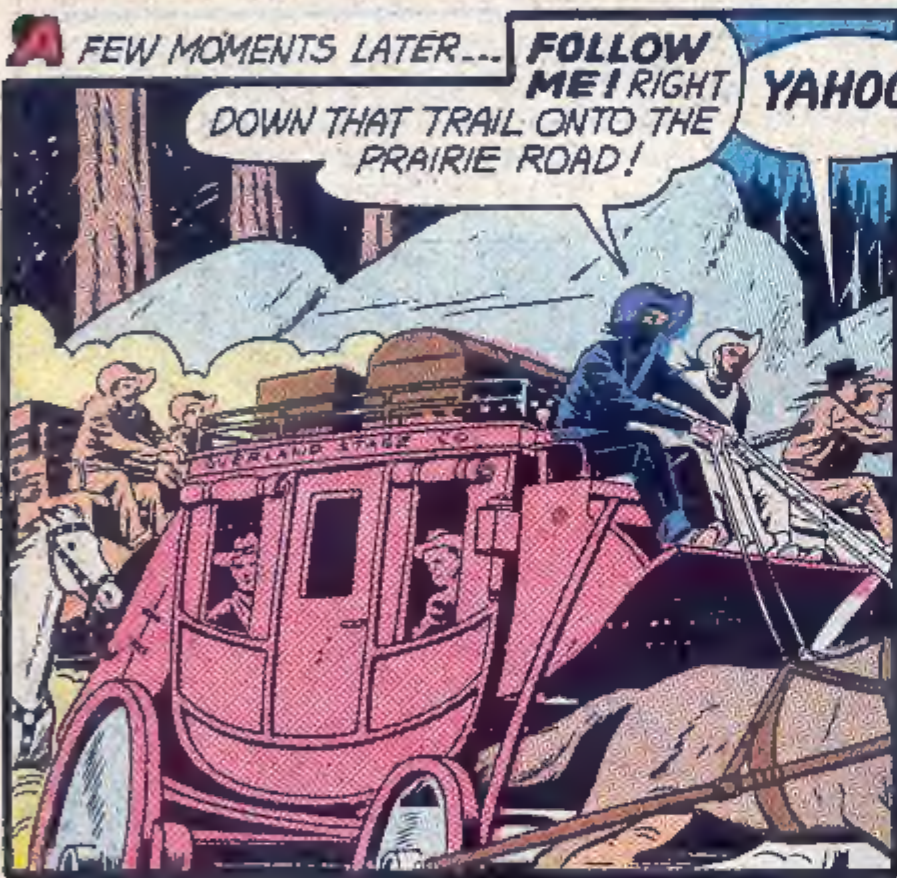
HEY!

GNNG!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS - START HUSTLING! TOSS THE LOOT INTO THOSE STAGES, HOOK UP THOSE HORSES AND GET ABOARD! WE'RE RIDING OUT!

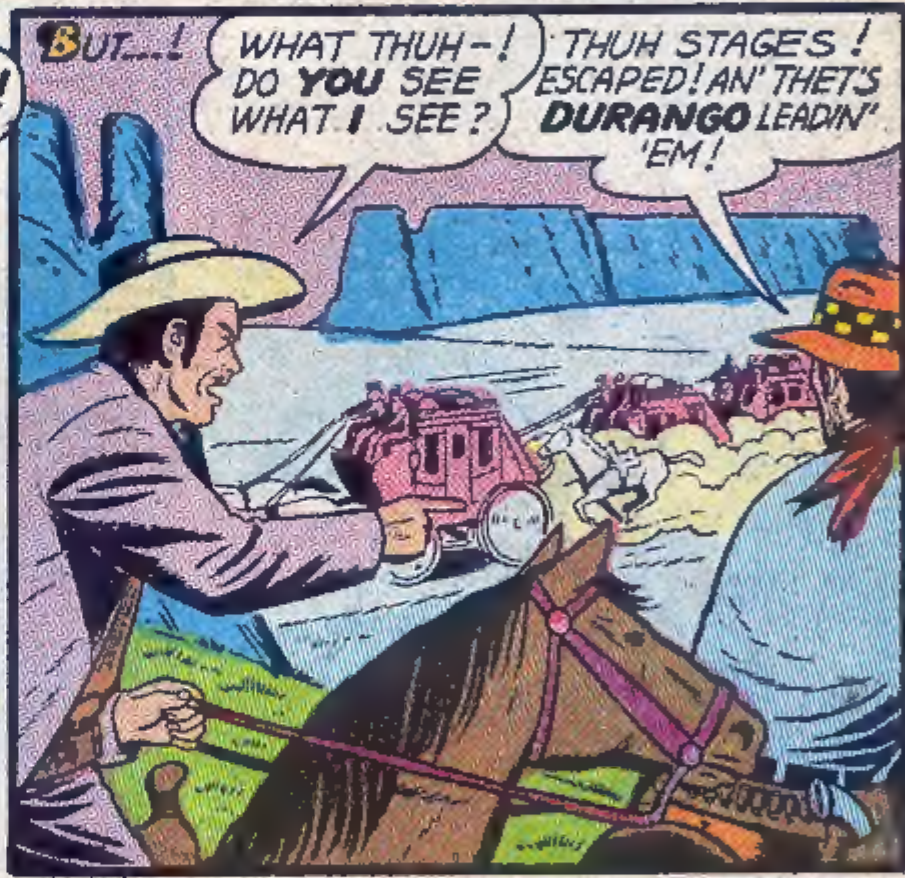
THIS HOMBRE'S ON OUR SIDE! YIPPEEE!

YUH MEAN WE'RE FREE?



FEW MOMENTS LATER... FOLLOW ME! RIGHT DOWN THAT TRAIL ONTO THE PRAIRIE ROAD!

YAHOO!



BUT...!

WHAT THUH -! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THUH STAGES! ESCAPED! AN' THET'S DURANGO LEADIN' 'EM!



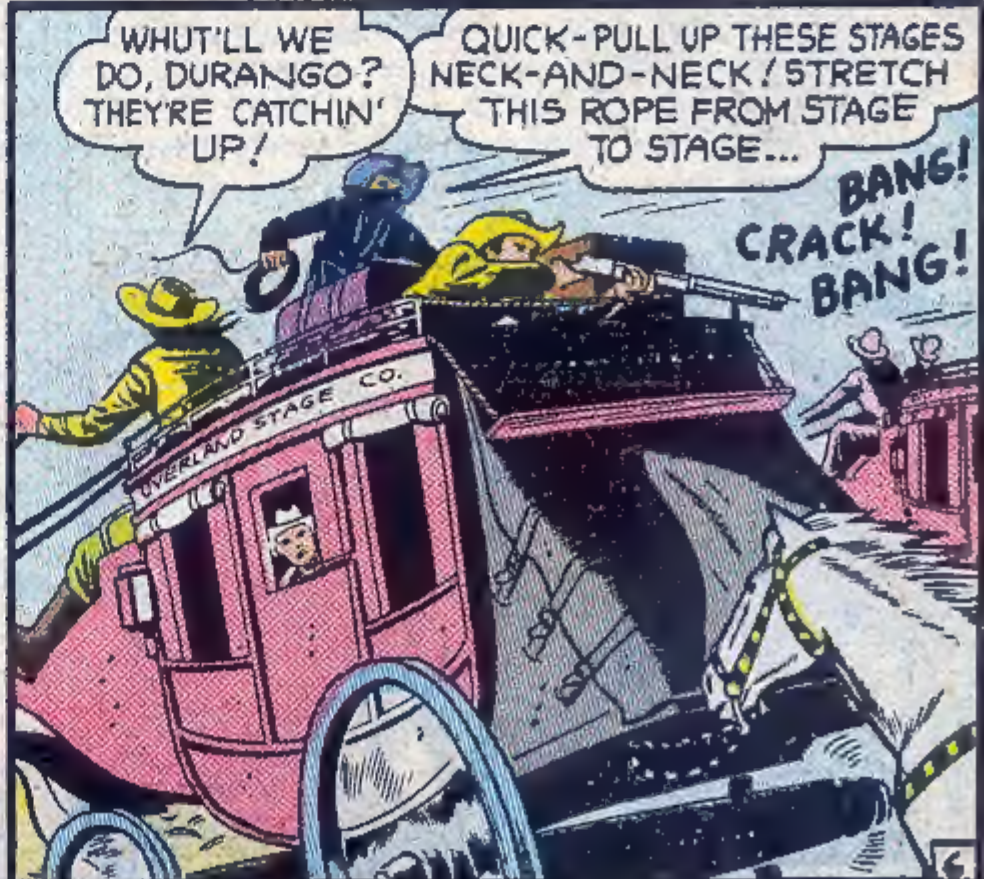
AFTER 'EM, MEN! PUT ON YORE MASKS! EF THEY GIT TUH TOWN, WE'RE SUNK!

WE BEEN TRICKED! THET DURANGO BUSINESS WUZ JEST A GAG!

BANG! BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

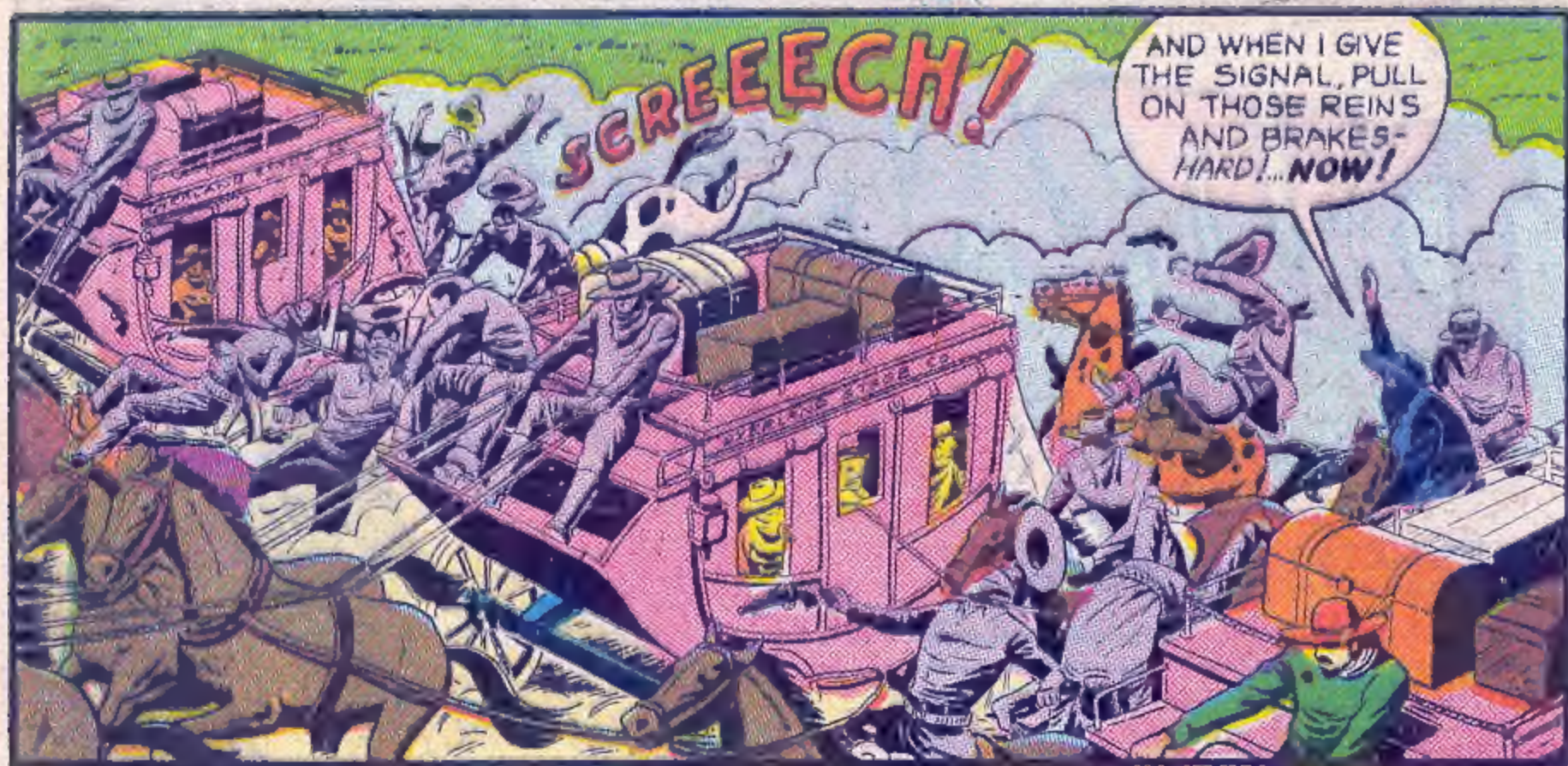


WHUT'LL WE DO, DURANGO? THEY'RE CATCHIN' UP!

QUICK - PULL UP THESE STAGES NECK-AND-NECK! STRETCH THIS ROPE FROM STAGE TO STAGE...

BANG! CRACK! BANG!

THE DURANGO KID



THE
END

The DURANGO KID

THE CORPSES ARE COLD - BUT THE ACTION'S WARM AS **THE DURANGO KID** RIDES AN ODD CHANCE TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF

"THE HOT MONEY!"

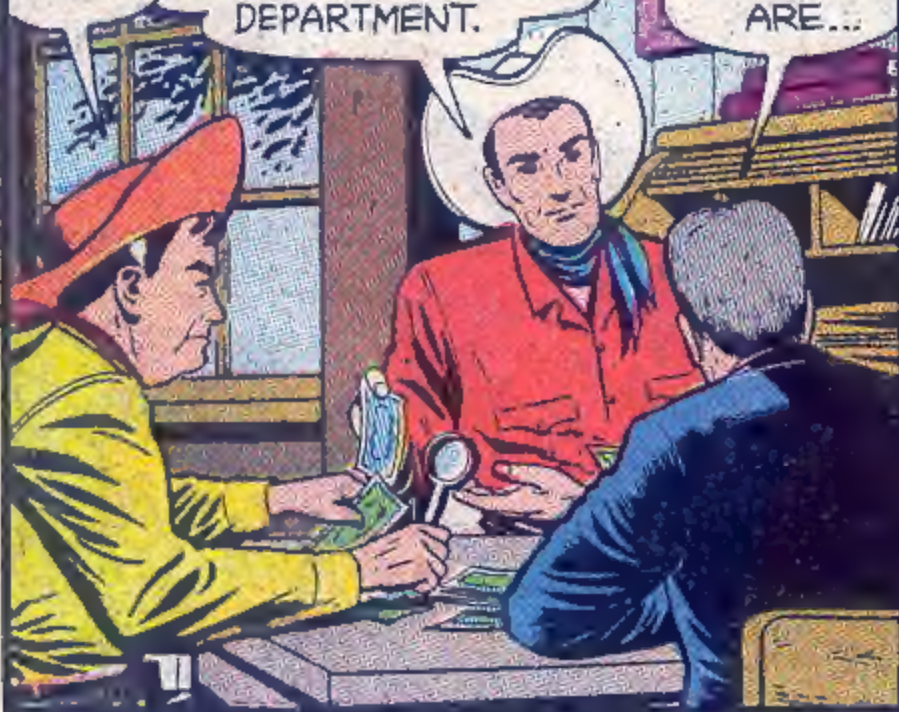
ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL...

SLICEST COUNTERFEIT MONEY I EVER SEEN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN PRODUCE STUFF LIKE THIS, CHIEF - THAT'S **POP REMSEN**, A MASTER ENGRAVER WHO WORKED FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT YOU ARE...



IT'S A GOOD GUESS, STEVE. SEE THAT "R" ENGRAVED IN THIS CORNER? THAT'S POP REMSEN'S SIGNATURE - AND MY HUNCH IS THAT IT'S HIS WAY OF SIGNALING FOR **HELP!**



MY GUESS IS THIS - A COUNTERFEITING GANG HAS KIDNAPPED POP REMSEN AND IS FORCING HIM TO TURN OUT HOT MONEY FOR THEM. YOUR JOB IS TO FIND HIM AND SMASH THAT COUNTERFEIT RING!



WE'VE TRACED THE RING TO SOMEWHERE NEAR BIG ROCK, BUT THAT'S ALL WE KNOW.

THAT'S ENOUGH!

LET'S GO, MULEY!



THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HARD TRAVELING...

GOLLY, I'M TRED!
RECKON WE KIN
FRESHEN UP A BIT
AT THET RANCH
BEFORE WE HIT
TOWN?

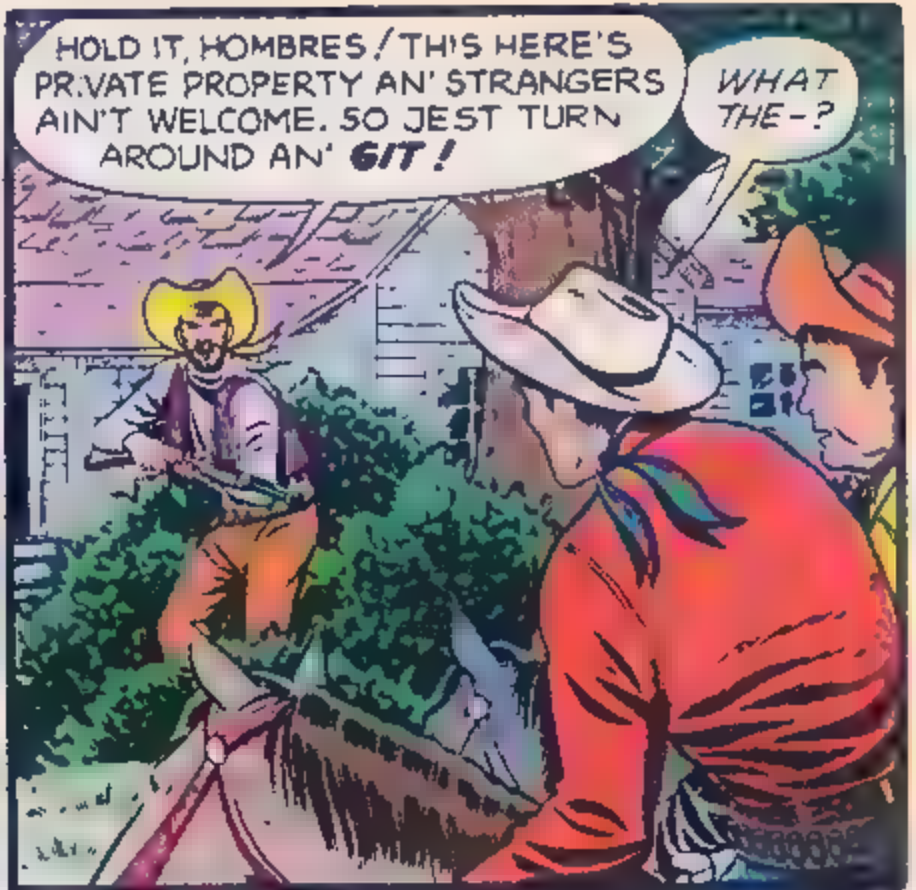
LOOKS ABANDONED TO ME,
MULEY. BUT LET'S GO UP AND
SEE. AT LEAST IT'LL BE SHELTER
FOR THE NIGHT AND THERE
MIGHT BE A WELL WHERE WE
CAN WASH UP...

BAR W
RANCH



HOLD IT, HOMBRES! THIS HERE'S
PR.VATE PROPERTY AN' STRANGERS
AIN'T WELCOME. SO JEST TURN
AROUND AN' **GIT!**

WHAT
THE-?



WE DON'T NEED A GUN TO
TELL US WE'RE NOT
WELCOME, MISTER!

SO, I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS LESSON
IN HOSPITALITY WITH YOU...



...AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE! I DON'T THINK
WE'D ENJOY YOUR COMPANY ANYWAY!

DOWNRIGHT
IMPOLITE, I CALL IT!

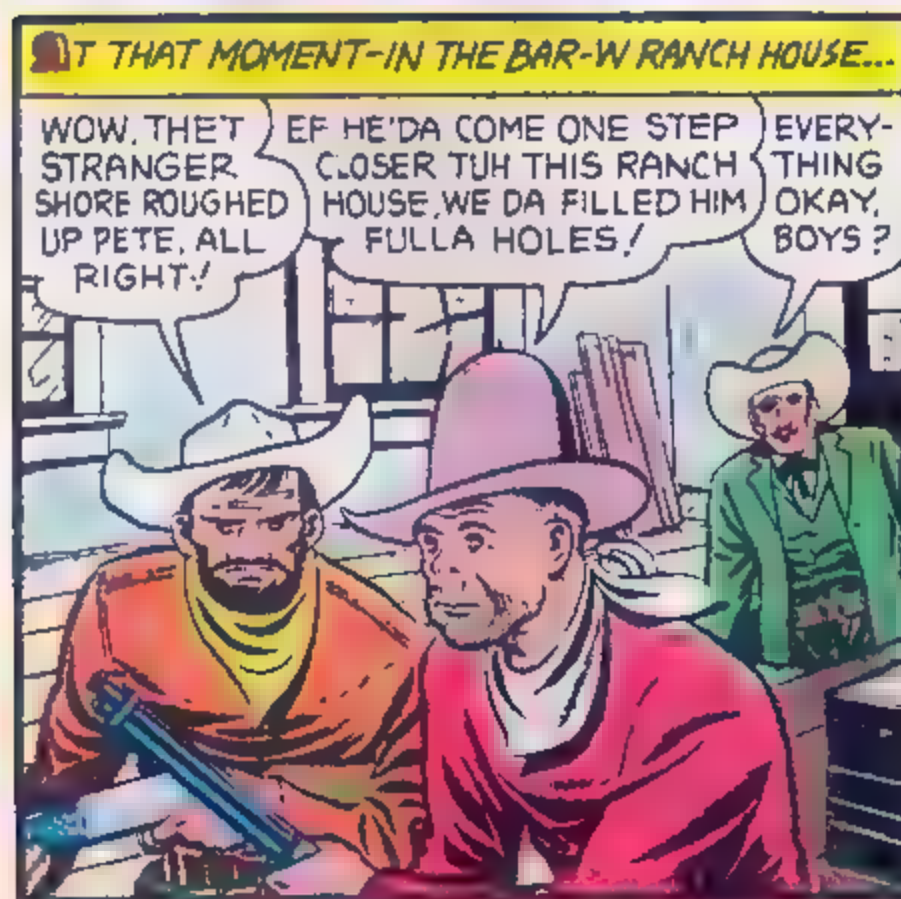


AT THAT MOMENT- IN THE BAR-W RANCH HOUSE...

WOW, THET
STRANGER
SHORE ROUGHED
UP PETE, ALL
RIGHT!

EF HE'DA COME ONE STEP
CLOSER TUH THIS RANCH
HOUSE, WE DA FILLED HIM
FULLA HOLES!

EVERY-
THING
OKAY,
BOYS?



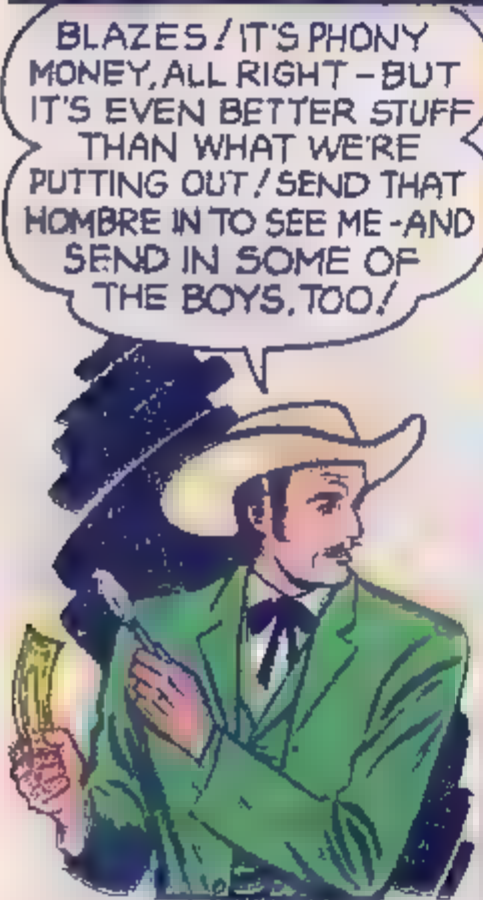
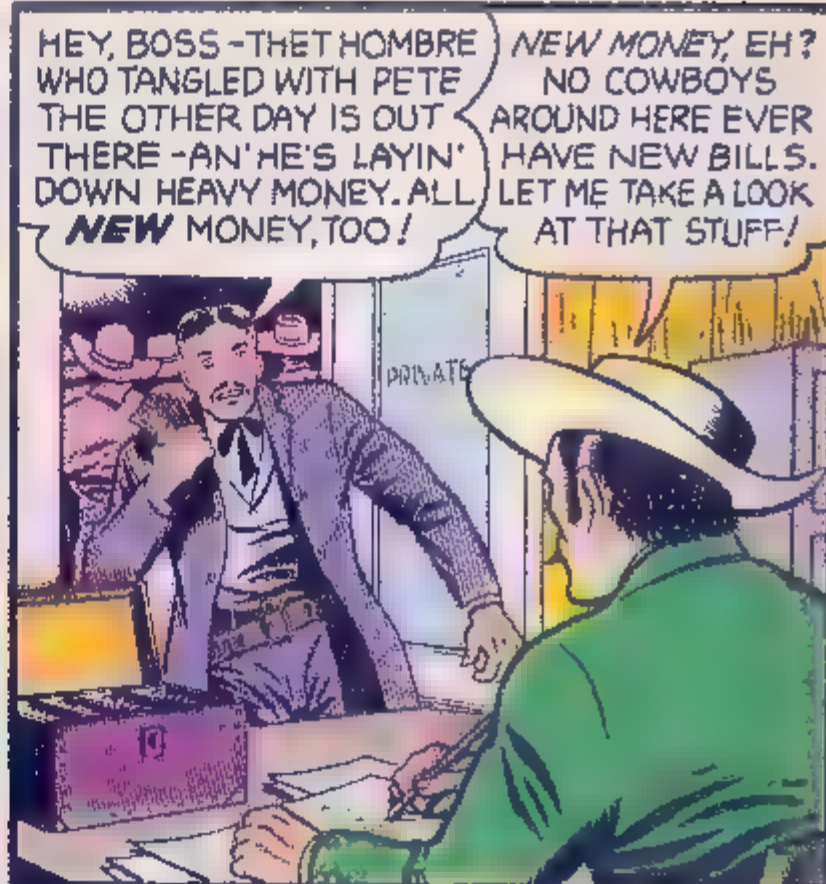
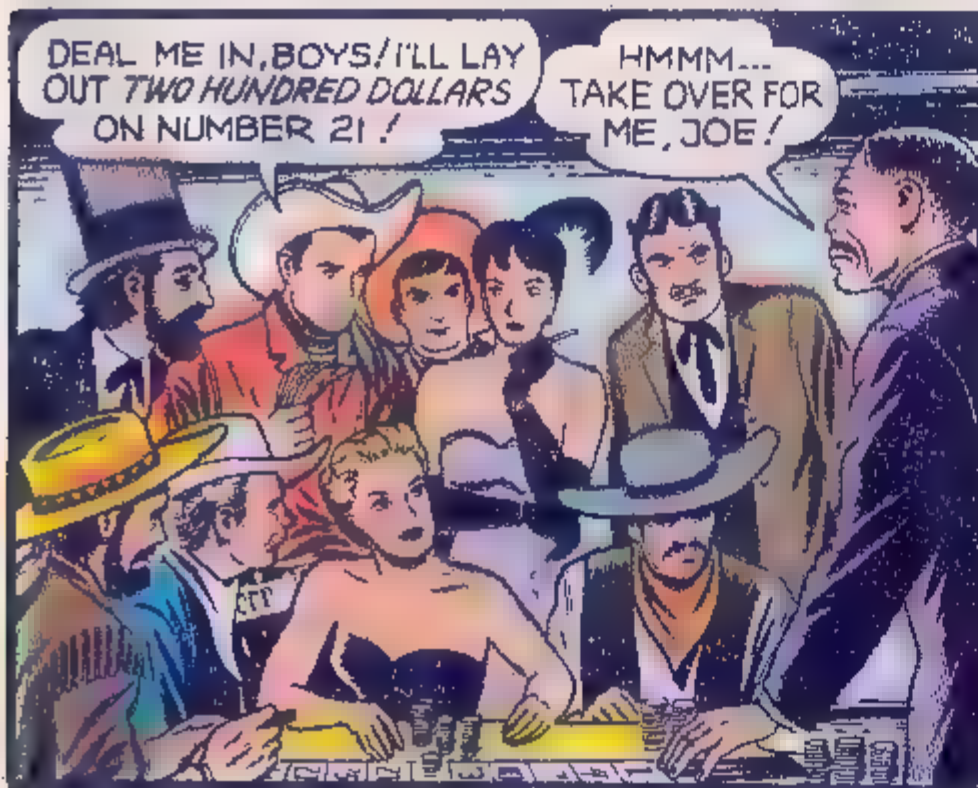
ALL'S CLEAR. GET THAT PRESS
ROLLING, JAKE AND TURN OUT THAT
HOT MONEY! GET BACK TO WORK
ON THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL, REMSEN-
MAKE IT A GOOD ONE, OR
ELSE!

YOU'LL SWING
FOR TH'S
YET, SAM
JUDSON!



THE DURANGO KID

FEW DAYS LATER, AT SAM JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL IN BIG ROCK... STEVE AND MULEY PLACE A FEW BETS.

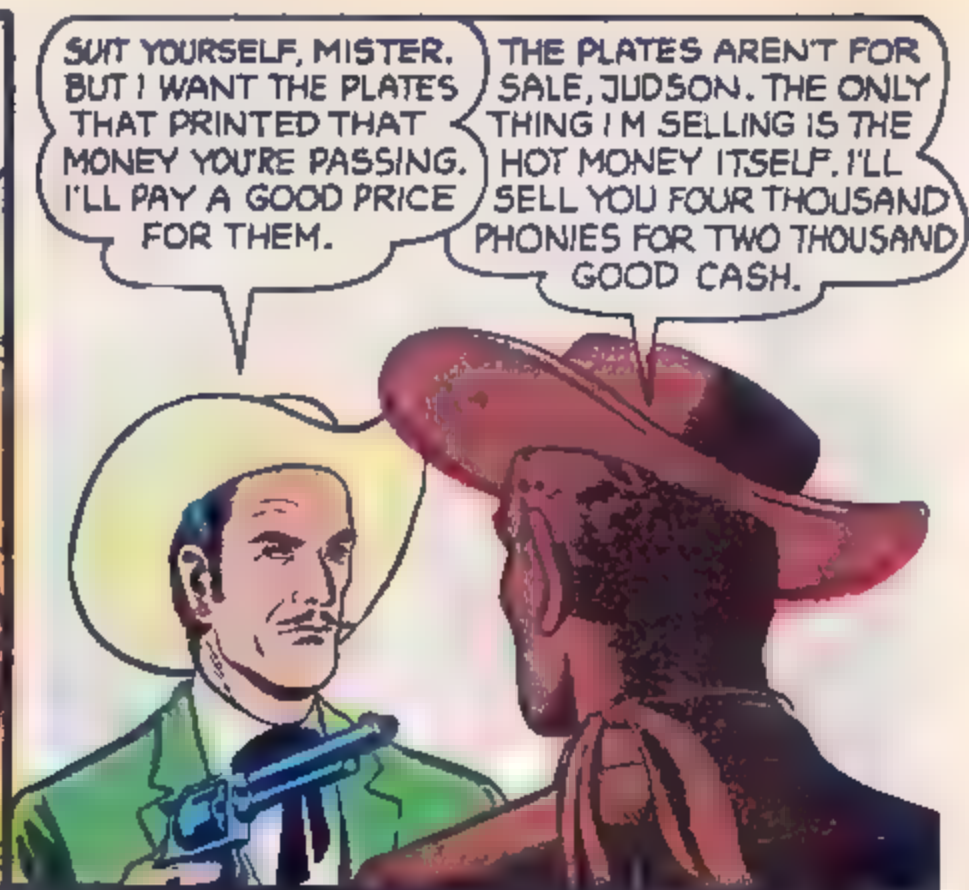


THE DURANGO KID



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LAY OFF! NICE WORK, MISTER. I COULD USE YOU IN MY OUTFIT. HOW ABOUT IT?

NOTHING DOING. I WORK ALONE.



SUIT YOURSELF, MISTER. BUT I WANT THE PLATES THAT PRINTED THAT MONEY YOU'RE PASSING. I'LL PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM.

THE PLATES AREN'T FOR SALE, JUDSON. THE ONLY THING I'M SELLING IS THE HOT MONEY ITSELF. I'LL SELL YOU FOUR THOUSAND PHONIES FOR TWO THOUSAND GOOD CASH.



LOOKS LIKE THIS GUN DON'T SCARE YOU, MISTER. OKAY, I'LL BUY YOUR HOT MONEY. HAVE THE STUFF HERE TONIGHT!

I'LL HAVE THE PHONIES... BUT YOU BE SURE TO HAVE THE COLD CASH! SO LONG!



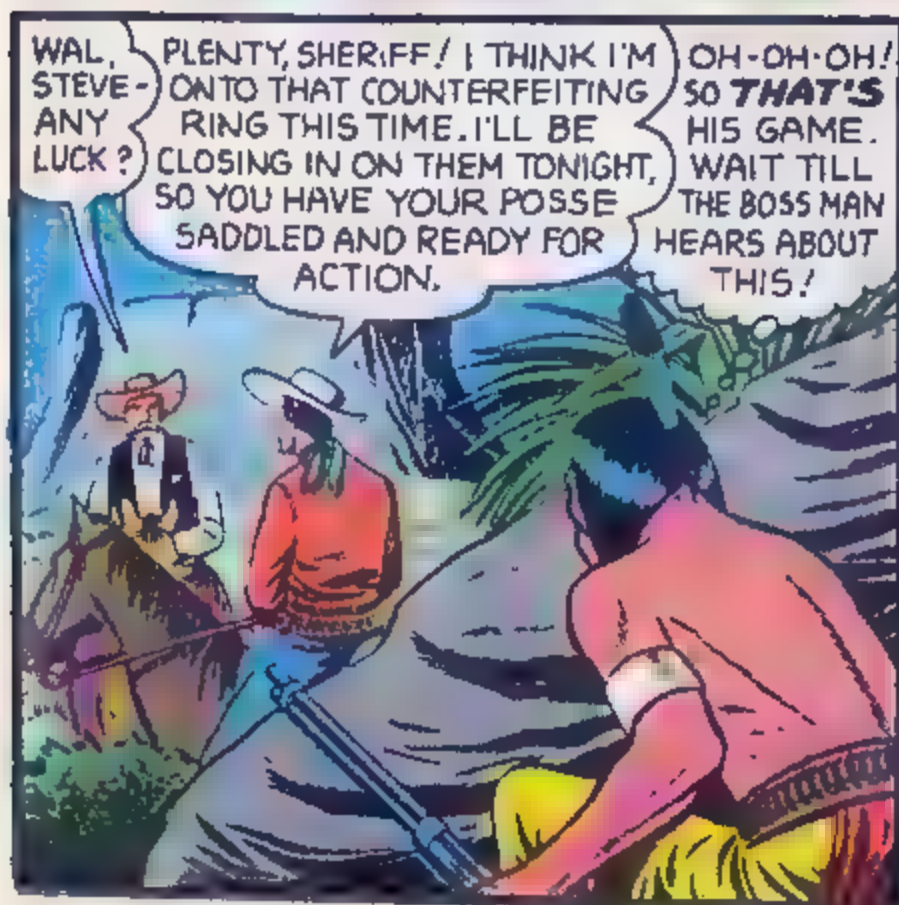
FOLLOW THAT JASPER, INDIAN JOE. MAYBE HE'LL LEAD YOU TO WHERE HIS PLATES ARE HIDDEN.

I GET IT, BOSS.

THERE IS NO MORE CLEVER MAN ON THE TRAIL THAN INDIAN JOE..



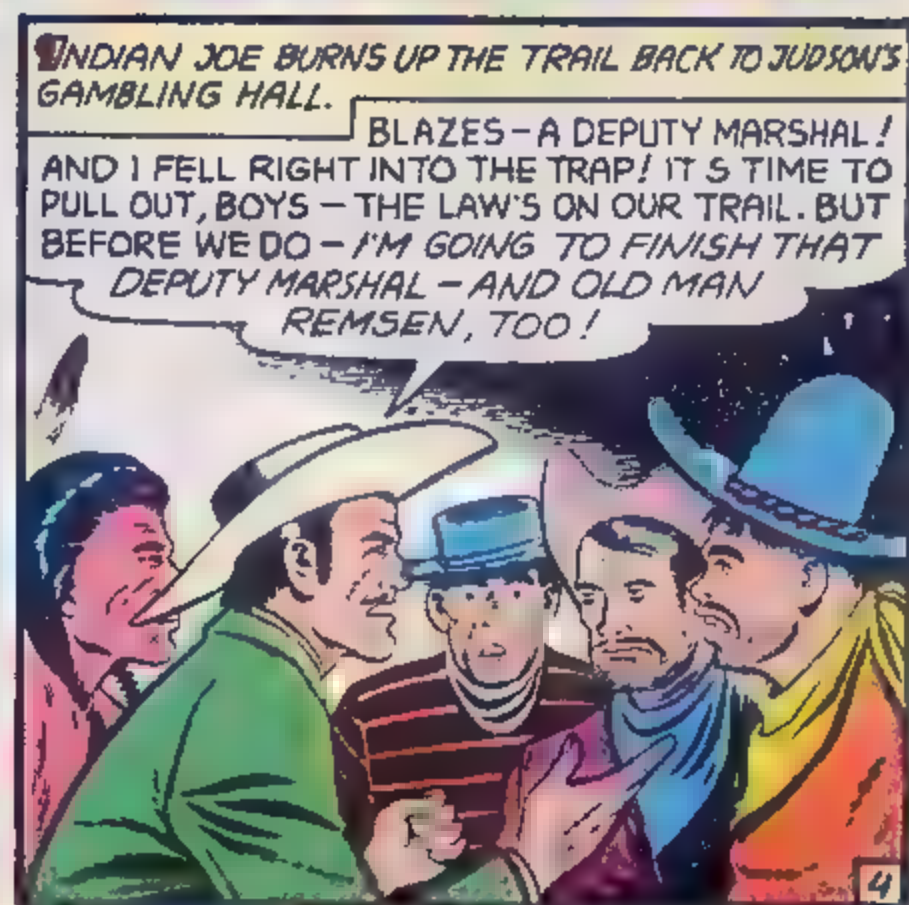
SO FAR SO GOOD. BUT THIS STRANGER IS A HARD ONE TO TRAIL, ALL RIGHT.



WAL, STEVE - ANY LUCK?

PLENTY, SHERIFF! I THINK I'M ONTO THAT COUNTERFEITING RING THIS TIME. I'LL BE CLOSING IN ON THEM TONIGHT, SO YOU HAVE YOUR POSSE SADDLED AND READY FOR ACTION.

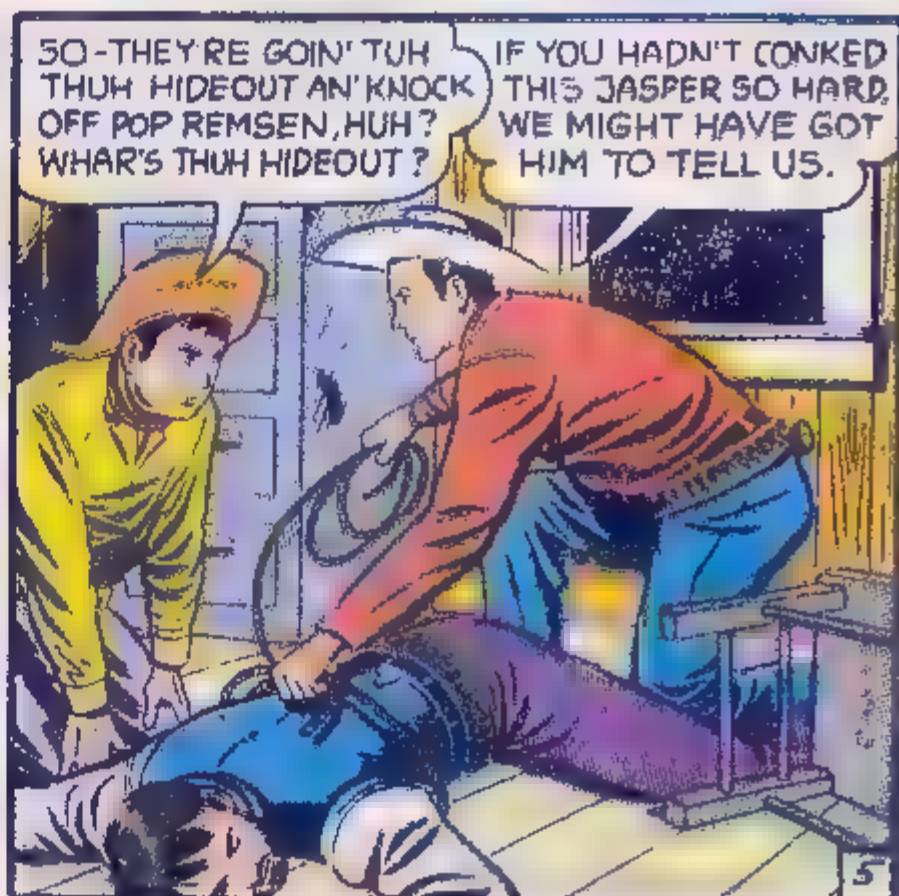
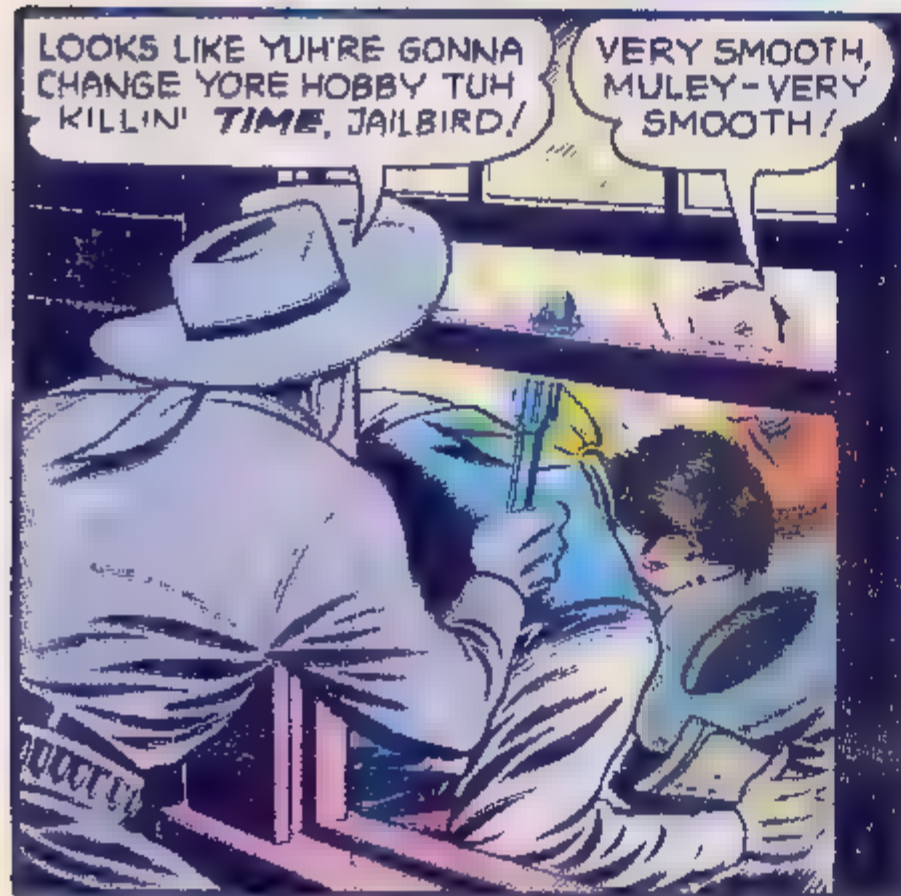
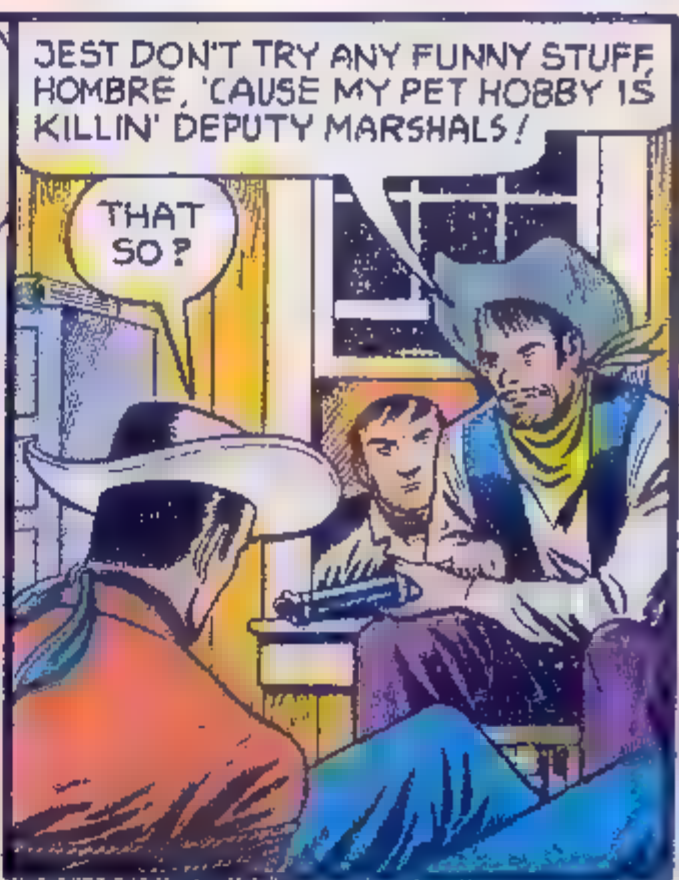
OH-OH-OH! SO **THAT'S** HIS GAME. WAIT TILL THE BOSS MAN HEARS ABOUT THIS!



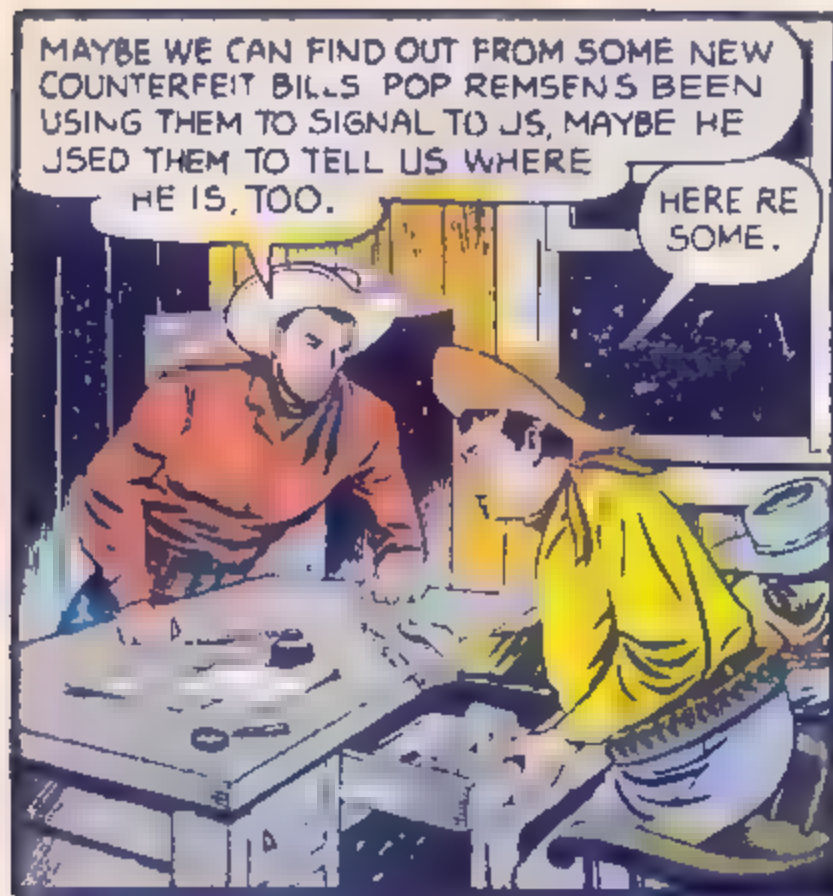
INDIAN JOE BURNS UP THE TRAIL BACK TO JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL.

BLAZES - A DEPUTY MARSHAL! AND I FELL RIGHT INTO THE TRAP! IT'S TIME TO PULL OUT, BOYS - THE LAW'S ON OUR TRAIL. BUT BEFORE WE DO - I'M GOING TO FINISH THAT DEPUTY MARSHAL - AND OLD MAN REMSEN, TOO!

THE DURANGO KID

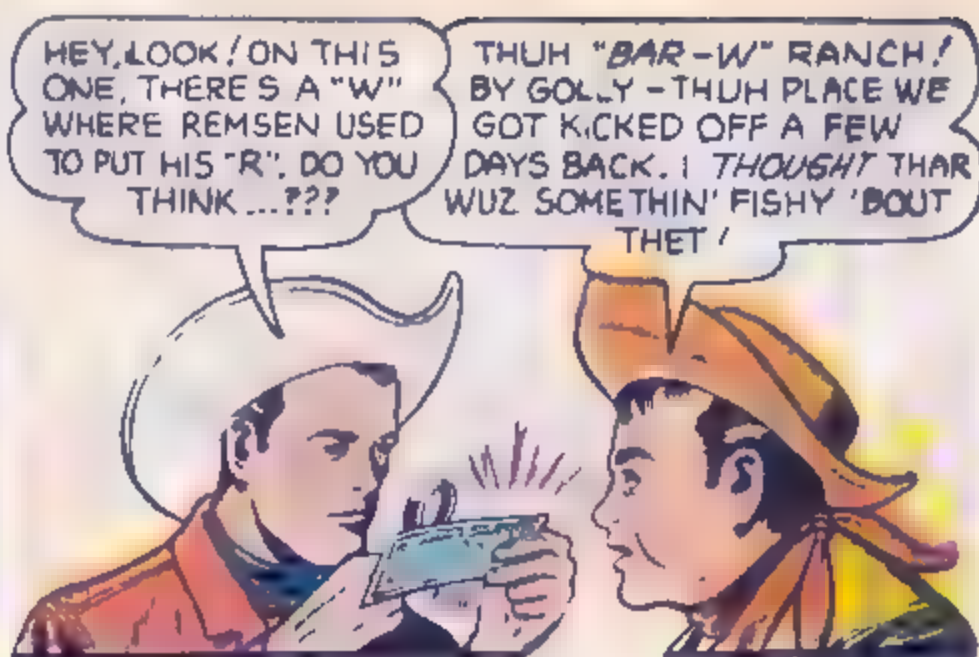


THE DURANGO KID



MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT FROM SOME NEW COUNTERFEIT BILLS POP REMSEN'S BEEN USING THEM TO SIGNAL TO US, MAYBE HE USED THEM TO TELL US WHERE HE IS, TOO.

HERE RE SOME.



HEY, LOOK! ON THIS ONE, THERE'S A "W" WHERE REMSEN USED TO PUT HIS "R". DO YOU THINK...???

THUH "BAR-W" RANCH! BY GOLLY - THUH PLACE WE GOT KICKED OFF A FEW DAYS BACK. I THOUGHT THAR WUZ SOMETHIN' FISHY 'BOUT THET!

SHORT WHILE LATER - IN THE CELLAR OF THE BAR-W RANCH...



ALL READY, BOSS! WE GOT THUH PLATES AN' PRESSES ALL PACKED.

GOOD, WE'LL TAKE THEM WITH US.

AND NOW - WE DON'T NEED YOUR TALENTS ANY LONGER, REMSEN

SO, YOU'RE A MURDERER, TOO? WE'LL SHOOT AWAY, YUH VARMINT!



WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO THOSE HOMBRES JUST ISN'T PROPER FOR A DEPUTY MARSHAL! BUT FOR THE DURANGO KID...

GO TO IT, PARDNER! I'LL GIT THUH SHERIFF AN POSSE AN WE'LL ALL BE THAR TUH BACK YORE PLAY!



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, REMSEN. WHEN THEY FIND THIS PLACE, IF THEY EVER DO, THEY'LL ONLY BE YOUR BONES TO WELCOME THEM!



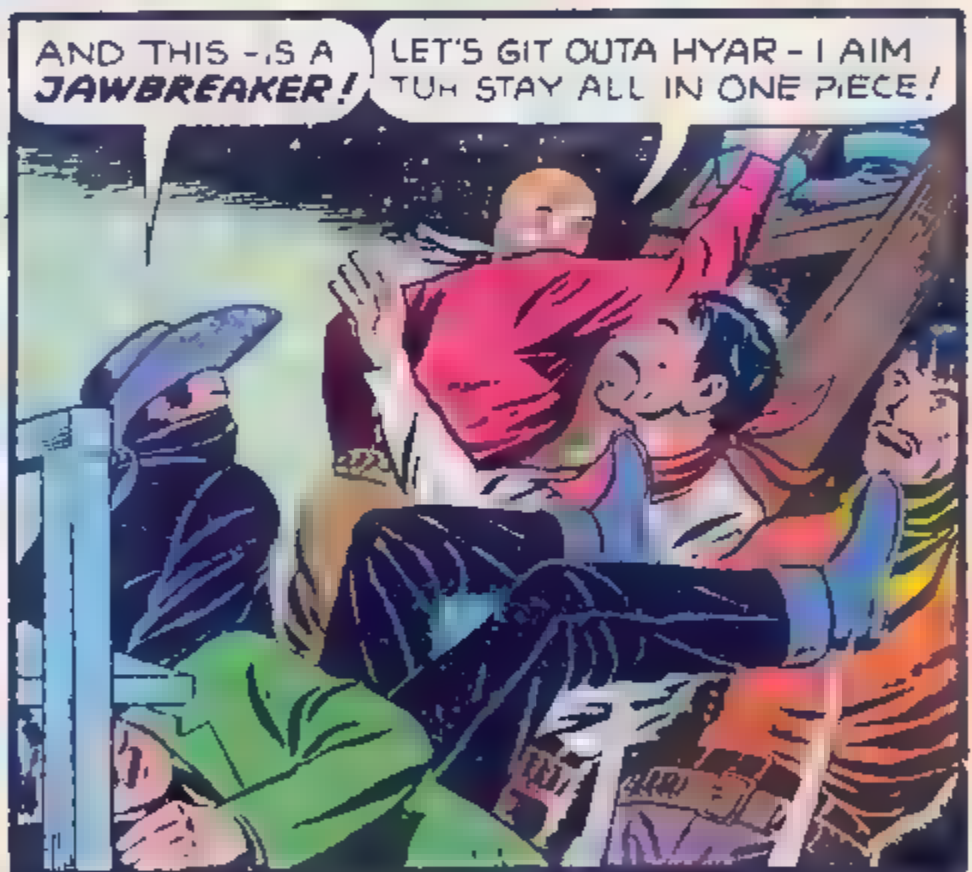
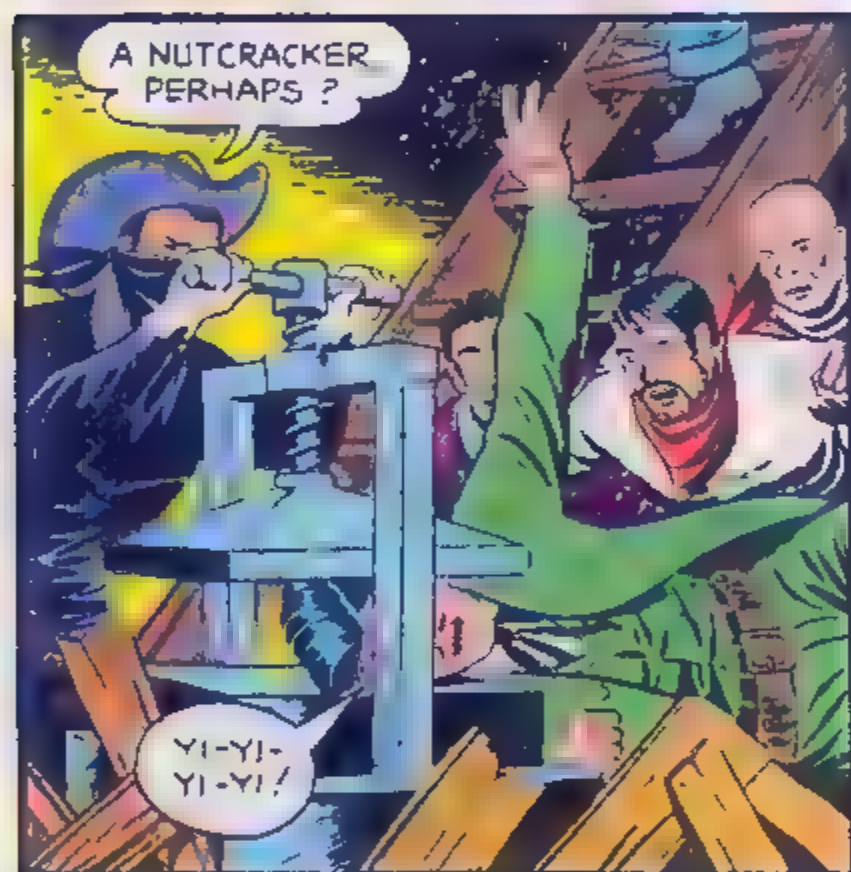
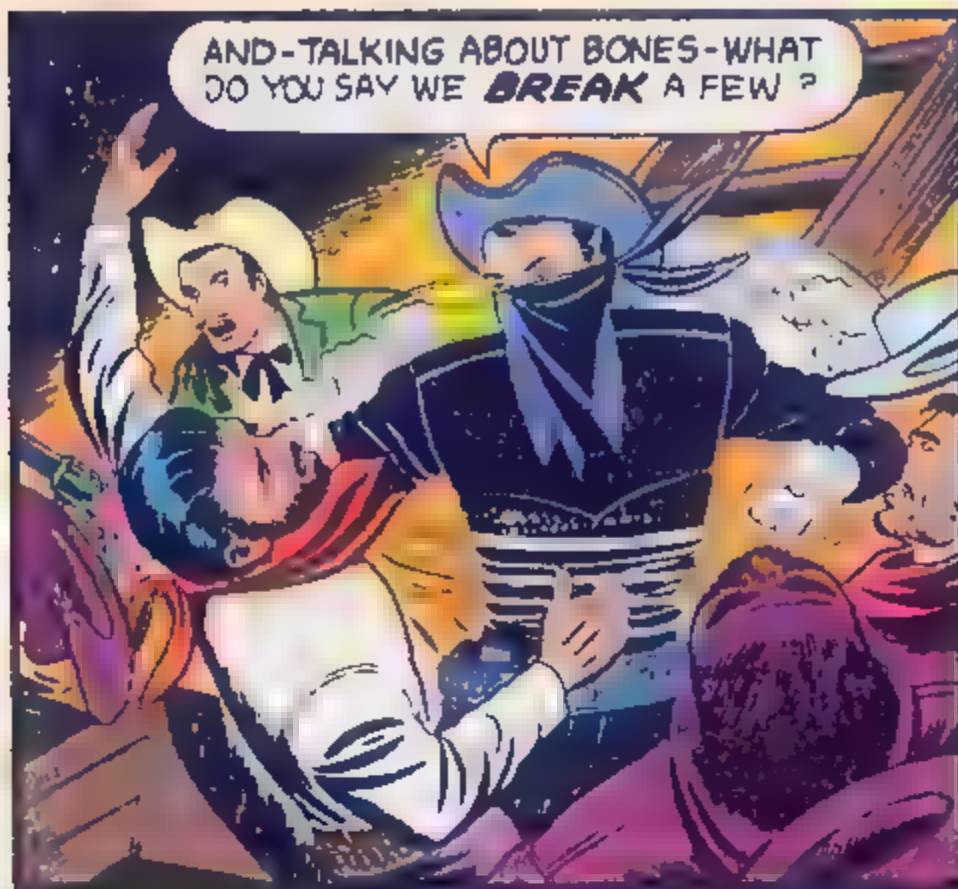
THERE'S A BONE OR TWO I'D LIKE TO PICK WITH YOU, JUDSON!

GNNNG!

THE DURANGO KID!

WHO'S SHOVIN'?

THE DURANGO KID



GOLD MADNESS



THEY called him Old Pete. That was the only name he had, the only name he needed. From the headwaters of the Pecos River to the Milk River range in Montana, he had roved the plains and mountains, searching for gold. He knew the deserts, and he knew the waterholes. And now Old Pete had reached his goal. His bulging sacks were crammed with a fortune in the elusive yellow metal.

He chortled to himself. "Heh-heh! Dog-gone if I ain't went and done it! Found me as rich a vein of the stuff as anybody ever saw!"

He halted the burro to check the leather thongs that held the worn canvas sacks that hung heavy on the Arizona pack saddle.

"A whole fortune, all for myself. Yessirree-bob! There's nobody as can out-dress or out-spend Old Pete from now on! I found my pile, and I aim to have me some fun!"

It was close to noon when the three riders rein-sawed their horses to a stop. Old Pete had watched them for an hour as they quartered across the desert toward him. He waved a hand in greeting, studying them with wise old eyes, seeing the low-hung Colts, the wear and dust of long, fast travel, the dried foam on the horses' sleek sides.

"Howdy, gents," Old Pete said. "You hom-bres 're a mite off the trail, ain't yuh? Yuh're cow-ropers."

The tallest of the three, a man with heavy shoulders and with a reddish scar zigzagging across his lower jaw, nodded glumly. "Lost our way, Pop. I reckon you ain't lost. You old prospectors know these deserts like they were yore own hand. Mind if we ride with yuh?"

Old Pete grunted. He liked loneliness. It didn't suit him to have three cold-eyed men riding side by side with him as he hit in toward River Gap. But he said, "Suit yerselves. But I got to walk, I ain't rich enough to ride a bronc!" Old Pete chuckled in his throat as he plodded on through the sand.

He did not see the three men exchange quick glances at that triumphant chuckle; did not see the eyes narrow in suspicion as they ran over the pack-saddle, over the bulging sacks strapped to the Saint Andrew's cross on the cross-buck. Their lips narrowed, and they pulled their Stetsons lower over their sun-baked faces and rode with their shoulders hunched to the blistering heat.

Heavy Colts revolvers bobbed at their hips, and the dull brown stocks of Winchester .44-40s nodded gently at their horses' every step.

The men rode into the heat and the sunlight, breathing air that seemed cooked in an oven, feeling the noonday sun drain at their bodies, hunting out the moisture and the sweat, evaporating it before it could form on their chests and foreheads. Even Old Pete grunted his approval of them, along about sundown. They, like himself, were of the desert breed.

"Yuh hombres ain't no tenderfeet. Yuh been around. Give me a hand with these packs," he told them. "I'll whup up some supper."

The three men were silent, even while the savory odors filtered from Old Pete's cooking pan and into the cool night air. They sat cross-legged, near their saddles, while their mounts stood less than five feet behind them, ground-reined on the sand. Their cold eyes noted that Old Pete's worn canvas sacks were equally close to him while he cooked with his skillet.

When they were through eating, they pulled Wheeling stogies from their pockets, and offered him one. Old Pete took it, turning it in his fingers. "A poor man's Corona-Corona," he nodded. "Some day I'll have all the Coronas I want."

"Strike it rich, Pop?" asked the young one, a slim, wiry youth who wore a black shirt with pearl buttons, and levis so dark blue that they appeared to match the shirt. His Colts' butt-plates were mother-of-pearl. Old Pete had him tabbed as a dude.

"Nope," said Old Pete. "But I still got hopes."

The man with the scar laughed and gestured at the bulging canvas sacks. "Bet yuh plenty yuh got gold right there in them sacks, Pop," he grinned.

"Nope Nope, I ain't," almost shouted Old Pete. "You stay away from them sacks!"

The man with the scar chuckled, and got to his feet. "Sure, Pop. Anything you say." But under the wide brim of his Stetson, his eyes touched briefly on the hard faces of his companions. Both of them nodded imperceptibly. They sat and watched Old Pete drag his sacks off to one side of the campfire, where he sat, muttering and mumbling to himself.

The three men finished their cigars in silence, then rose almost as one man, and walked twenty feet away. Old Pete never took his eyes from them as they unrolled their blankets, lay down on them, and with a deft twist, wrapped themselves up like bugs in cocoons.

The old man sat for hours, staring into the dying embers of the fire. He felt the cold chill of the night air go through him. Like

the cold of the grave, he thought. He was marked for death. He knew the signs. Their chuckles and their light talk did not fool him. They knew he carried gold in those sacks. They meant to take it.

Old Pete sighed. The desert breed did not whimper. He thought of the desert and her moods, almost the moods of a woman in their quick change. Those who lived on the desert, like the horned toad and the cactus rat, made the desert a very comfortable place. Knowing what its plants had to offer, they ate and drank where there seemingly was no food or water.

He lifted his head. His eyes were hard and cold. He stared at the three motionless shapes. He got to his feet and went away from them, fifty, then one hundred, then four hundred feet. When he found what he wanted he went to work, taking his long knife from its sheath, and using it.

Dawn came up in a blaze of red fire that tinted the sand and the sotol shrubs with blood. Here and there the blunt stems of an ocotillo stood up beside the giant's fingers of a saguaro cactus. The maguey plant thrust its spiked leaves upward beside the low leaves of the soap plant. The desert was waking under the touch of the sun's rays.

From where he knelt over his fire, Old Pete watched the three men unroll themselves, stretch, and walk across toward him, shaking their blankets free of sand. The man with the jaw-scar came to stand in front of Old Pete. "How far are we from River Gap, Pop?" he wanted to know.

"Not far," said Old Pete. "'Bout thirty mile as the hawk flies."

The man with the scar nodded. "I reckon yuh know who we are." His voice came hard and cold. "Mebbe yuh don't know our faces, but yuh sure know we ain't cowpokes."

"Yore hands are too soft to know 'bout lassos an' brandin' irons," nodded Old Pete. "Yuh know more 'bout cards an' guns than yuh do 'bout honest work."

The scarfaced man chuckled. "You use yore eyes — like we do."

Old Pete looked up sharply, fighting down the fear that crept up from his guts and out through his throat to his trembling lips. The man with the scar said, "Open those sacks!"

"No, by — !"

The man whirled him, a hand to his shoulder, sending him ten feet away and into the sand. The youth with the black shirt dropped his right hand and lifted a Colt, holding it aimed at Old Pete's middle. The man with the scar upended a sack on his saddle blanket. A score of big gold nuggets tumbled out. The youth with the black shirt swore in awe.

Old Pete jumped while their eyes were fastened to his nuggets. His hands dove for

the gun that the youth held, wrestling for it. The third man moved swiftly, circling around behind Old Pete. His Colt was held in his right hand. He shot once, twice, three times. Old Pete jerked convulsively, and fell forward, face down.

The man with the scar appraised him with his eyes, and nodded. He swept up the nuggets and replaced them in the canvas sacks. "He'll never talk now. He can't do anything to us. We'll hit for River Gap. It's only thirty miles away . . ."

Sheriff Luke Herbert bent over the dead man lying face down in the desert sand. He glanced up at the sun, and made a swift calculation. He shook his head. Old Pete had been dead many hours, now. No time to get him in to River Gap. He had to be buried here, with stones over him to mark his grave.

He was unstrapping his short-handled spade when he saw the three men staggering toward him across the blazing sands. At first they were dots moving erratically, then they grew larger, and larger. The sheriff put a hand on his holstered gun, and waited.

When they were within fifty feet, he knew them. He had seen the reward dodgers for these three killers who had come down into the New Mexico deserts from the Utah badlands. They were badly exhausted. Their tongues were black, swollen. Their lips were cracked. *They need water*, he thought swiftly. His eyes took in the canteens fastened to their saddlehorns. *Men without water travel in a circle on the desert.*

A man with a scar on his jaw croaked, "Water . . . water . . . water . . ."

When the sheriff saw the sacks, he guessed the rest — especially when the boy in the black shirt saw the dead man and began to laugh with shrill hysteria in his voice, pointing down at him, staggering around weakly.

"Water . . . water . . ." mumbled the man with the scar, clawing at his throat. "We'll tell yuh . . . only . . . give us . . . water! We did him in. The gold . . . was his. He told us . . . River Gap only thirty miles away. We shot him . . . took gold. But he got us . . . got us . . . like the desert breed he is!"

The sheriff went to a big canteen and put it to his lips. He spat out the soapy water. The other man nodded. "He must've hacked up the roots of a soap plant . . . Indians use 'em fer soap. Dropped 'em in our canteens. Jogging of the horses stirred soap-plant roots an' water . . ."

The sheriff nodded. A man can't drink soapy water under a desert sun. It would get him after a while, as it had these killers. "There's an old sayin' around these parts that the desert takes care of its own," he told them, as he drew out his handcuffs and walked toward them. . . .

— THE END. —

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The DURANGO KID

CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES? IT'S **DURANGO**, ALL RIGHT, RIDING THE RANNAHAN TRAIL, SHOOTING AN OUTLAW GUN IN

Hear The Owl Hoot!"

KEEP YOUR HANDS FULL OF AIR, FOLKS, AND COME WITH ME!

THIS IS JEST PLAIN **KIDNAPPIN'**! YOU'LL GIT YOURS FOR THIS DURANGO!

ART BY IR
COLOR BY A

DAW-GONE! LOOKIT US- **DEPUTY SHERIFFS!** WE SHORE PULLED THUH WOOL OVER THE R EYES!

RIGHT! HAW-HAW! AIN'T **NUTHIN'** KN STOP US NOW FROM 'TAKIN' OVER THUH TOWN!

NOTHING THAT IS- EXCEPT THUH SHERIFF!

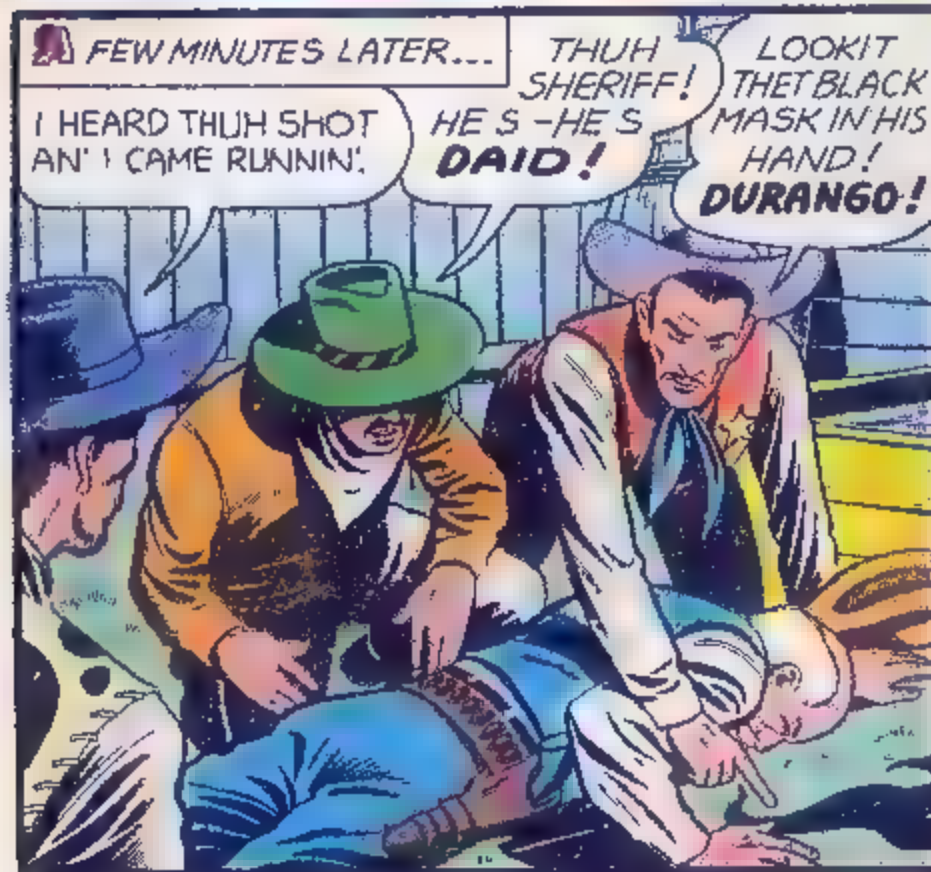
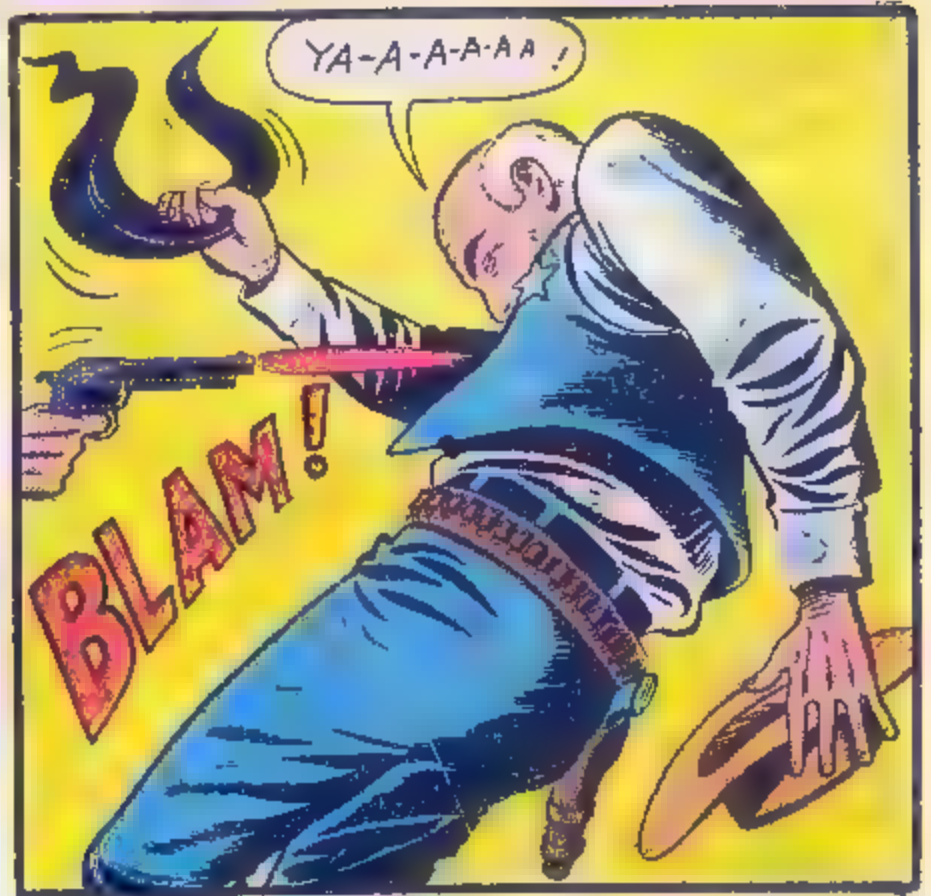
YOU'RE RIGHT SI! AN' DON'T FERGIT **THUH DURANGO KID!** WE GOTTA GIT RID O' BOTH OF 'EM 'COME HOW!

WE'LL GIT RID OF 'EM ALL RIGHT. YOU HOMBRES SHORE TEAMED UP WITH BRAINS WHEN YUH TEAMED UP WITH SI STONE! TAKE A LOOK AT **THIS...**

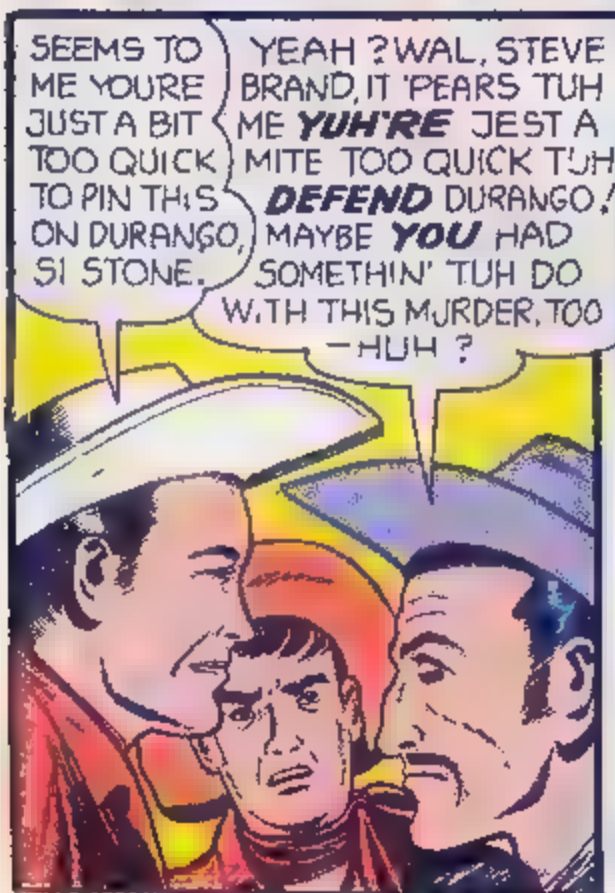
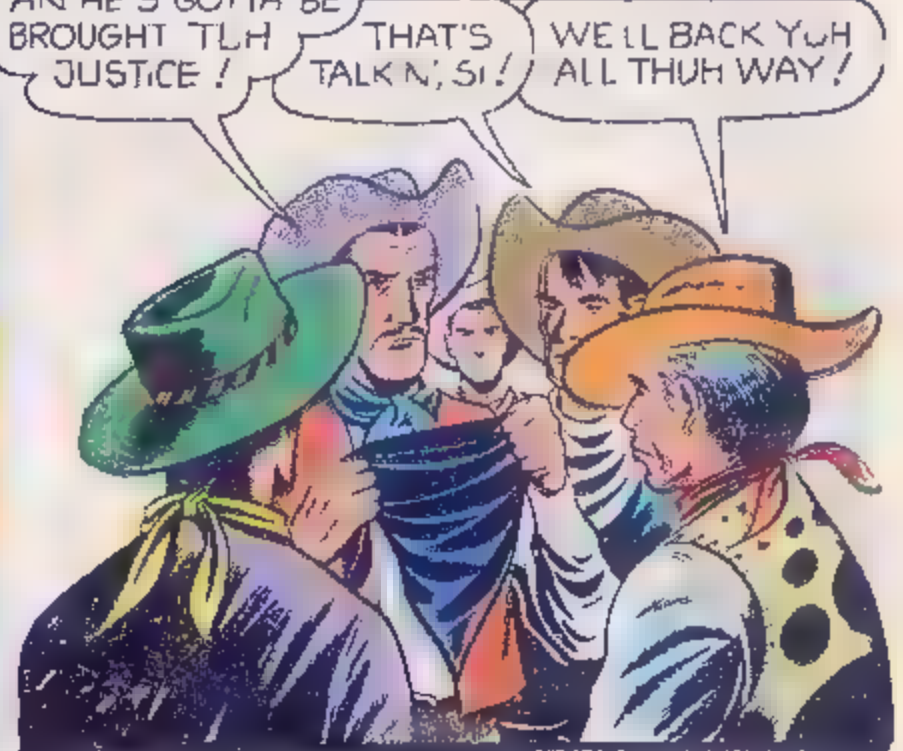
HEY! THET'S JEST LIKE THE OUTFIT DURANGO WEARS!

RIGHT! NOW-HERE'S MY PLAN.

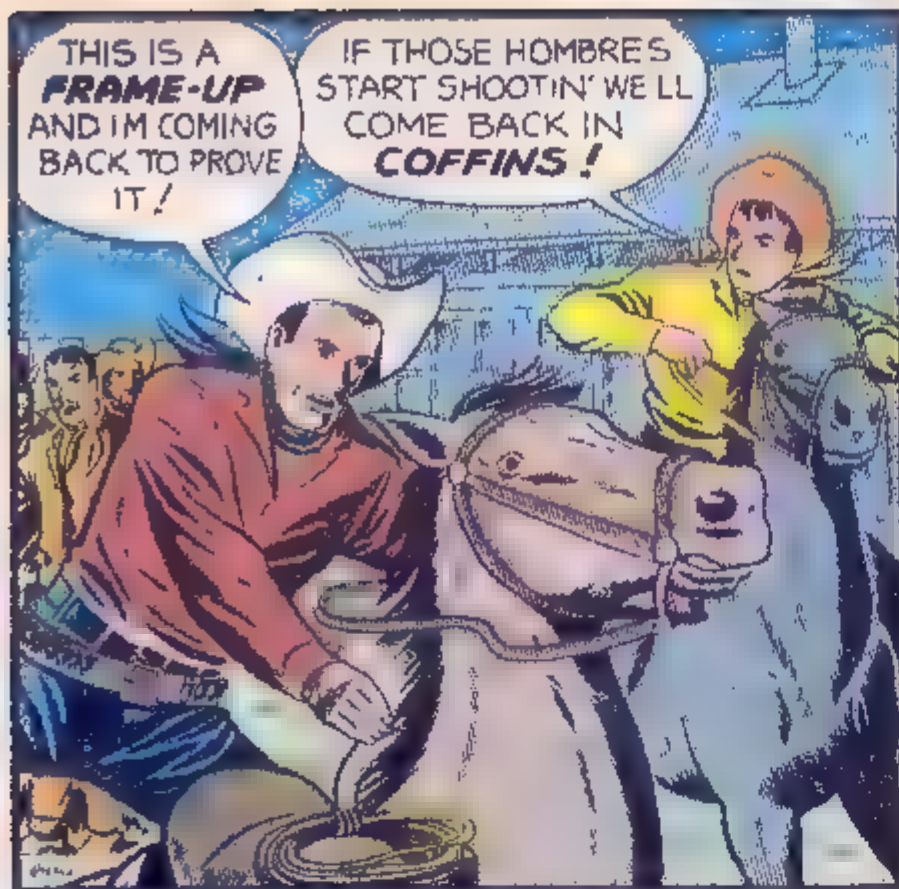
LATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



NOW THET THE SHERIFF-S DEAD THET MAKES **ME** SHERIFF! AN MUH FRST JOB LL BE THUH GIT THUH **DURANGO KID!** DURANGO S TURNED KILLER AN HE S GOTTA BE BROUGHT TLH JUSTICE!

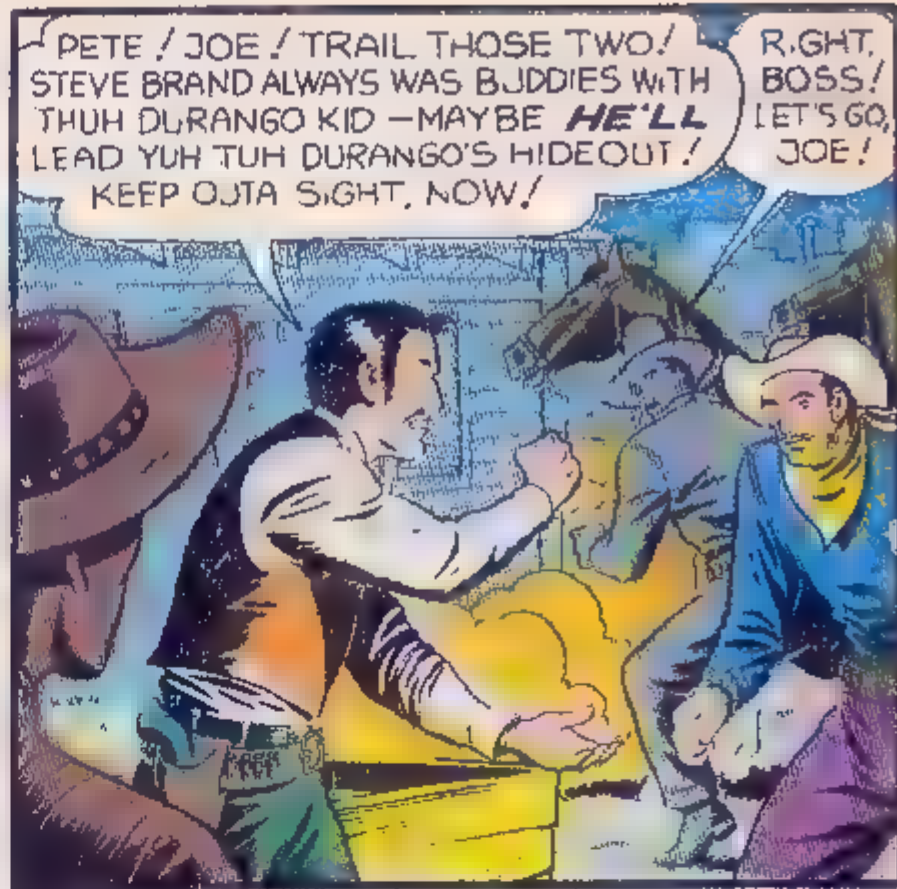


THE DURANGO KID



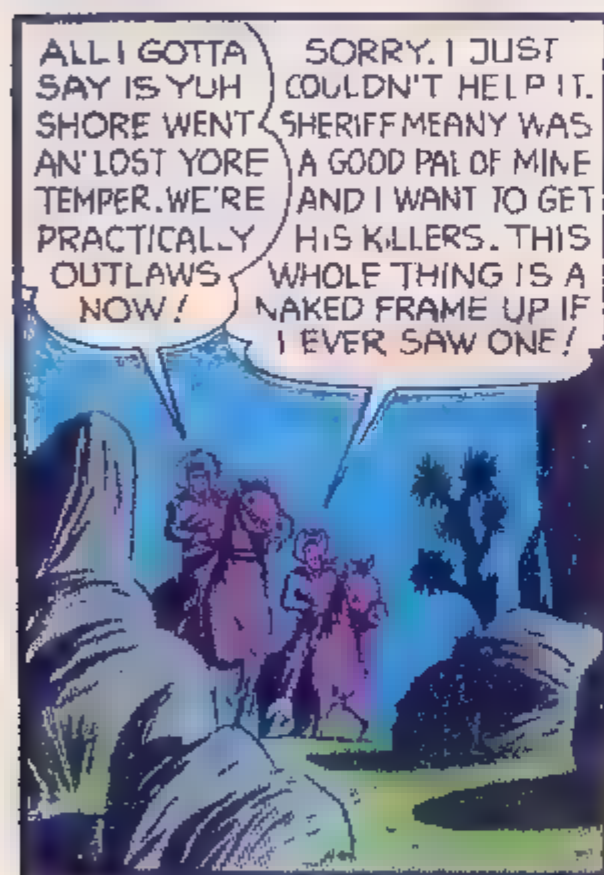
THIS IS A **FRAME-UP** AND I'M COMING BACK TO PROVE IT!

IF THOSE HOMBRES START SHOOTIN' WE'LL COME BACK IN **COFFINS!**



PETE! JOE! TRAIL THOSE TWO! STEVE BRAND ALWAYS WAS BUDDIES WITH THUH DURANGO KID - MAYBE **HE'LL** LEAD YUH TUH DURANGO'S HIDEOUT! KEEP OUTTA SIGHT, NOW!

RIGHT, BOSS! LET'S GO, JOE!

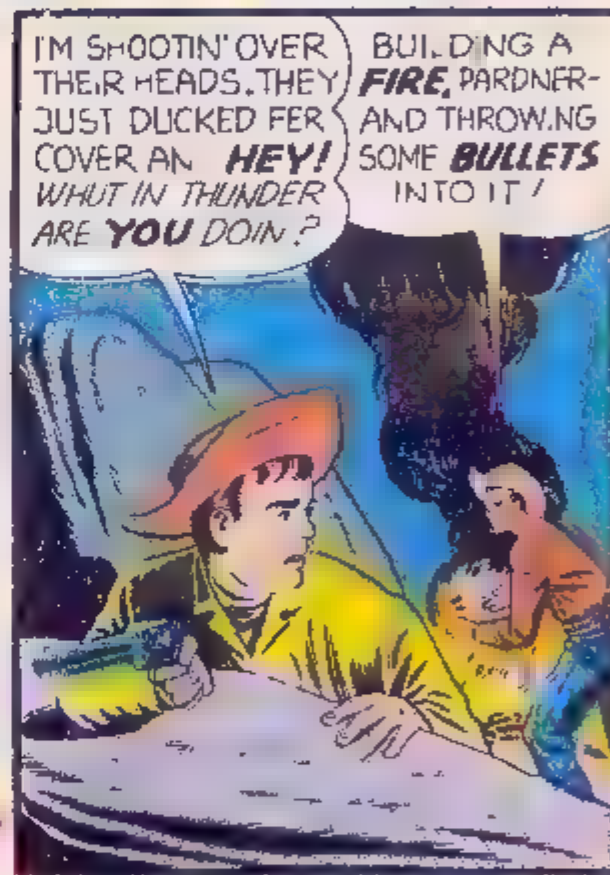


ALL I GOTTA SAY IS YUH SHORE WENT AN' LOST YORE TEMPER. WE'RE PRACTICALLY OUTLAWS NOW!

SORRY. I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT. SHERIFF MEANY WAS A GOOD PAL OF MINE AND I WANT TO GET HIS KILLERS. THIS WHOLE THING IS A NAKED FRAME UP IF I EVER SAW ONE!



HEY! DON'T LOOK NOW - BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! QUICK, DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS - AND START **SHOOTING!**



I'M SHOOTIN' OVER THEIR HEADS. THEY JUST DUCKED FER COVER AN **HEY!** WHUT IN THUNDER ARE **YOU** DOIN'?

BUILDING A **FIRE**, PARDNER - AND THROWING SOME **BULLETS** INTO IT!



I GIT IT! THOSE HOMBRES WILL THINK **WE'RE** STILL SHOOTIN' AT 'EM! SMART!

LET'S GO AROUND THIS WAY



CAN'T FIGGER OUT HOW THEY WISED UP TO US.

BAM!
BA-BAM!

LAY LOW - THEY'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AWAY!

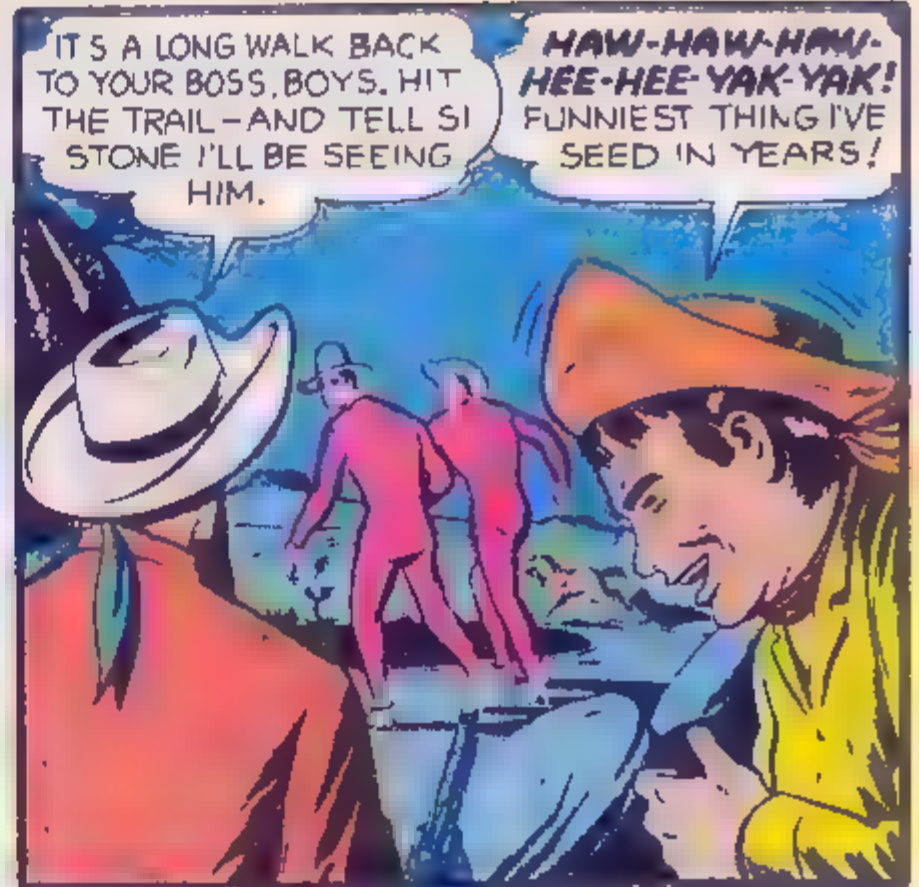
THE DURANGO KID.



LOOKING FOR US MAYBE?
DROP THOSE GUNS, HOMBRES-
AND TAKE OFF YOUR
BOOTS AND PANTS!

YIIIH-
THEY
SURROUNDED
US!

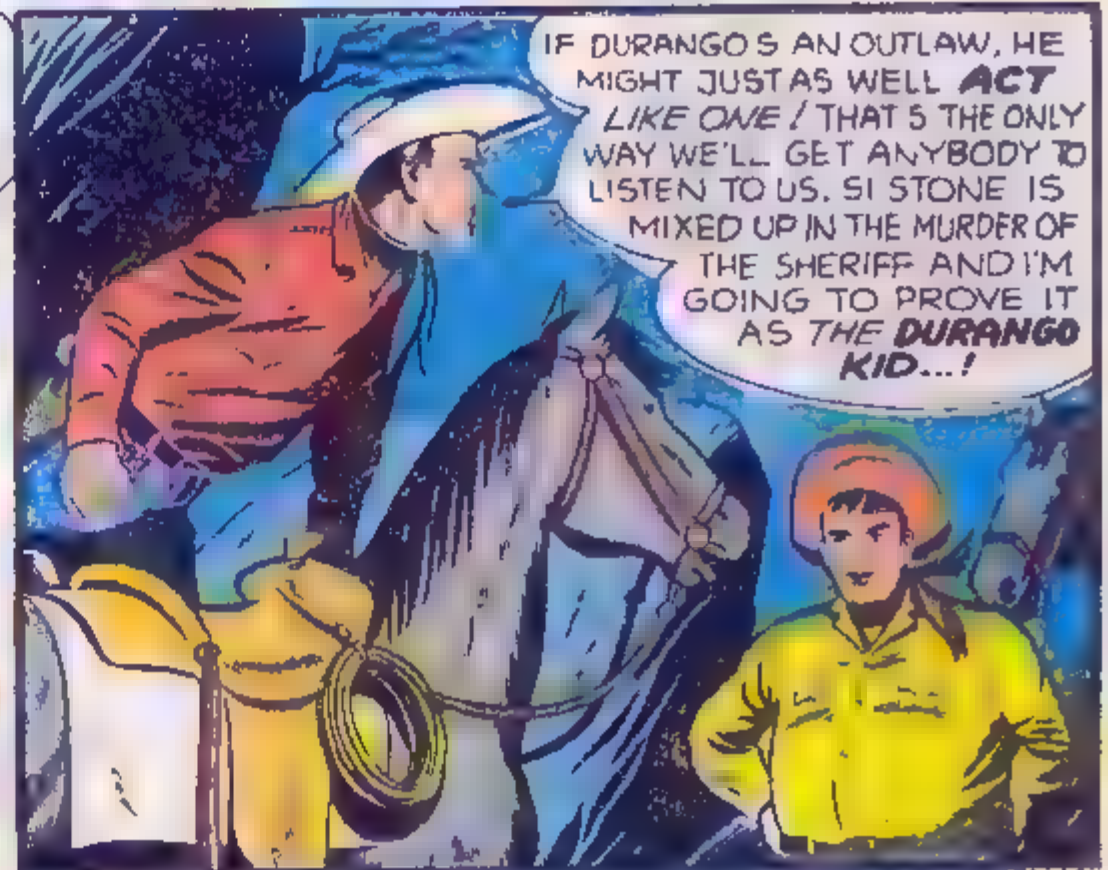
I'LL
SPOOK
THEIR
BRONCS.



IT'S A LONG WALK BACK
TO YOUR BOSS, BOYS. HIT
THE TRAIL-AND TELL SI
STONE I'LL BE SEEING
HIM.

HAW-HAW-HAW-
HEE-HEE-YAK-YAK!
FUNNIEST THING I'VE
SEED IN YEARS!

GULP!- WHUT AM I LAUGHIN'
AT? WE'RE **REALLY** OUTLAWS NOW!
SI STONE'LL HAVE THUH WHOLE TOWN
AFTER US! WE AIN'T GOT A FRIEND IN
THUH WORLD! NOBODY'LL LISTEN TO US-
EVEN **DURANGO'S** AN OUTLAW!



IF DURANGO'S AN OUTLAW, HE
MIGHT JUST AS WELL **ACT**
LIKE ONE! THAT'S THE ONLY
WAY WE'LL GET ANYBODY TO
LISTEN TO US. SI STONE IS
MIXED UP IN THE MURDER OF
THE SHERIFF AND I'M
GOING TO PROVE IT
AS THE **DURANGO**
KID...

THE NEXT FEW DAYS

THIS IS **KIDNAPPIN'**
DURANGO-AND YOU'LL
GIT YOURS FER IT!

JUST KEEP
MOVING
MEN!

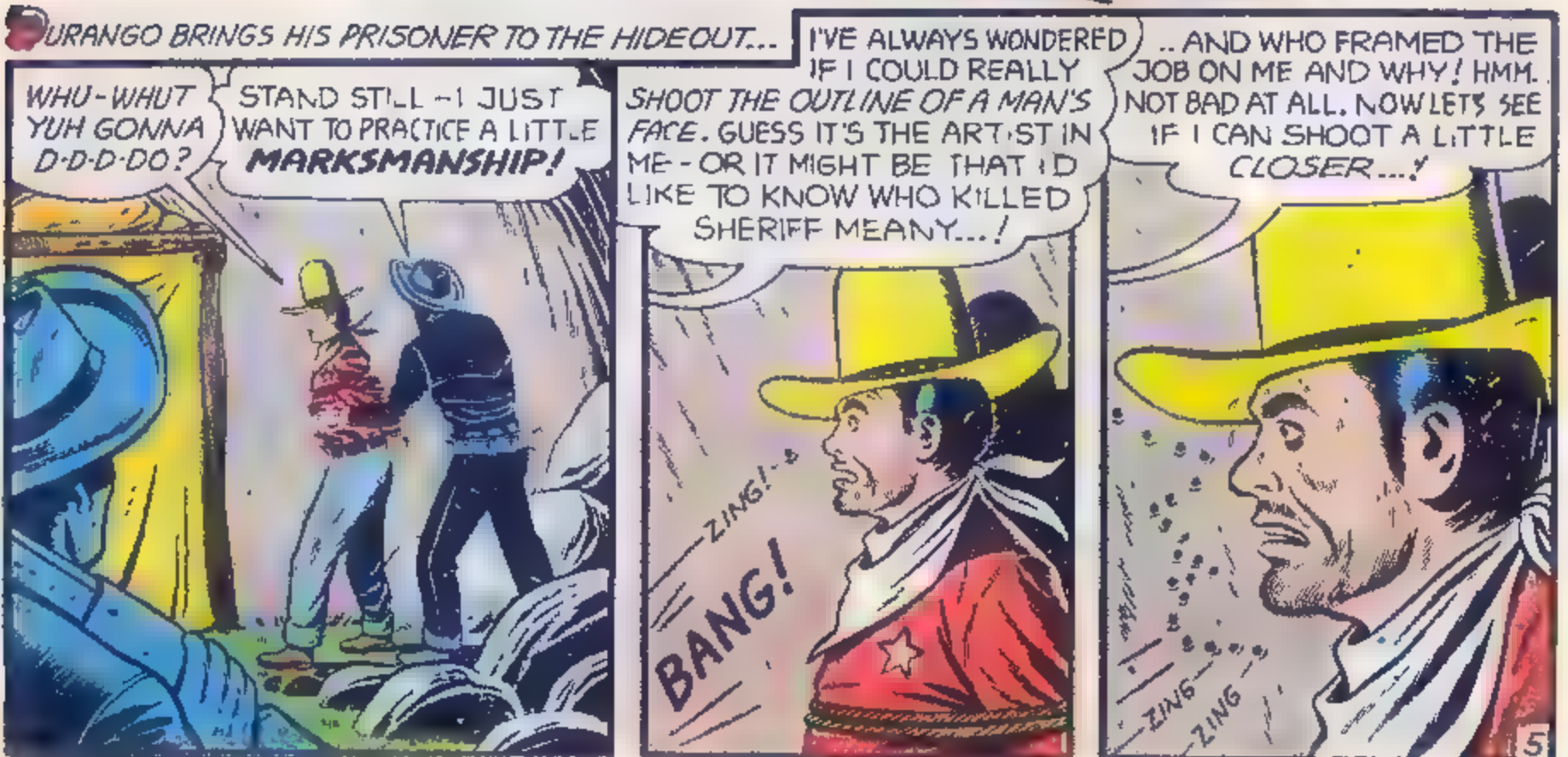
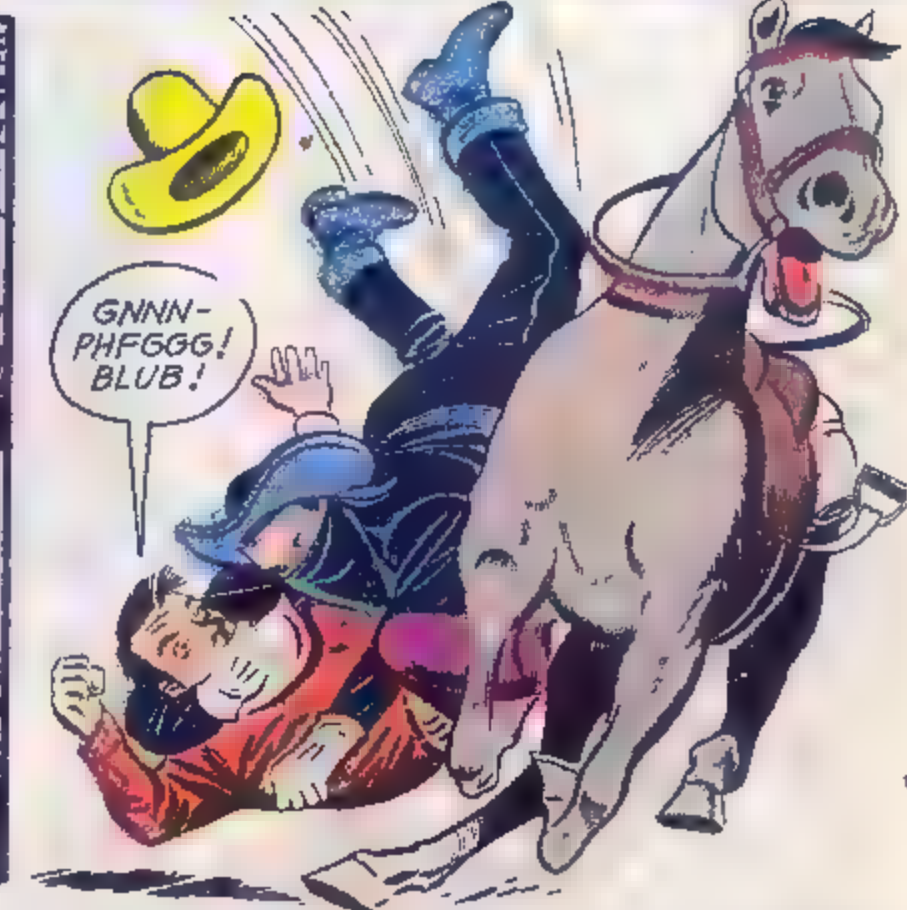
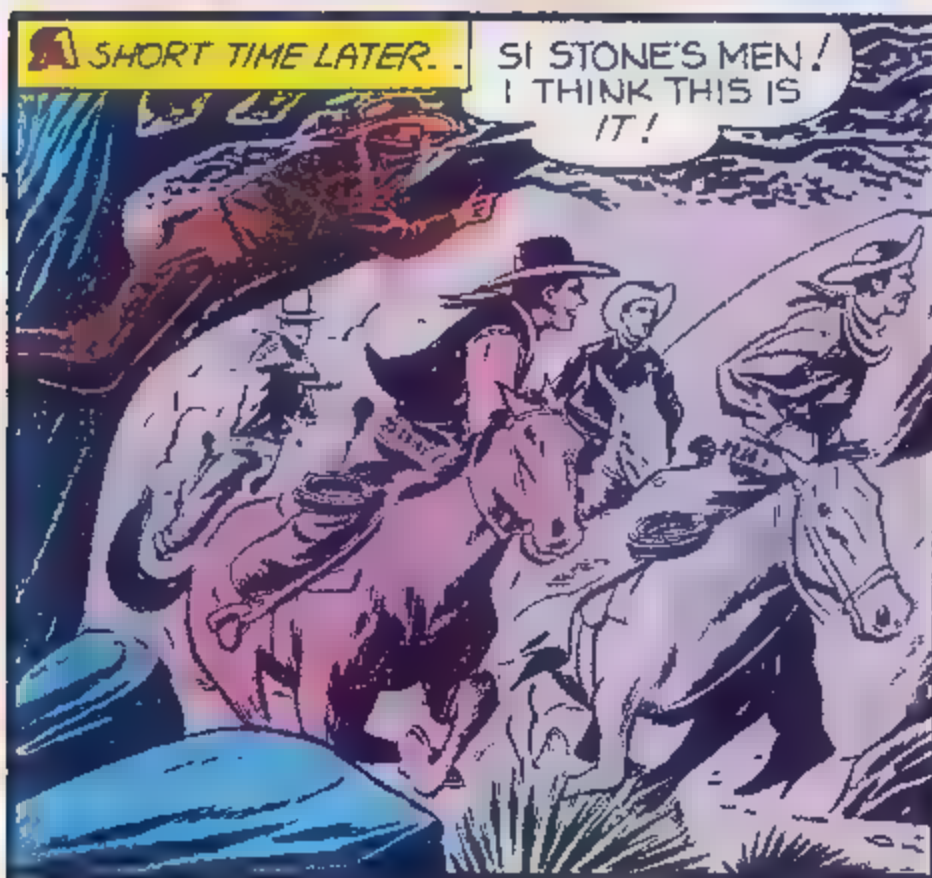
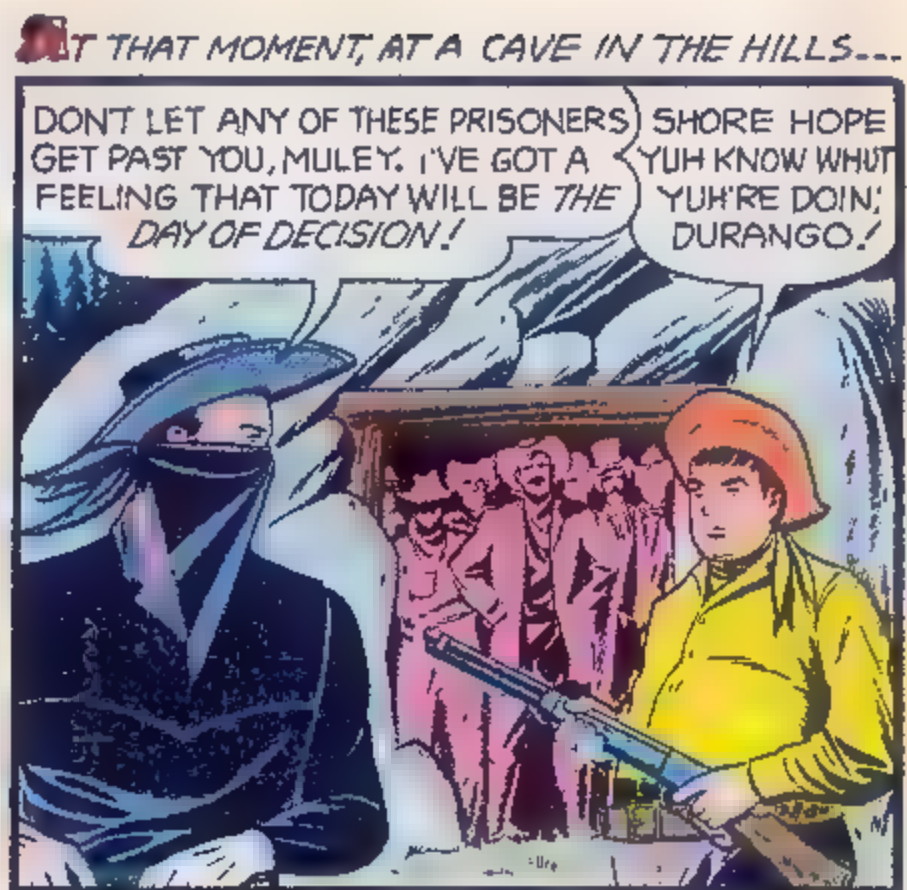
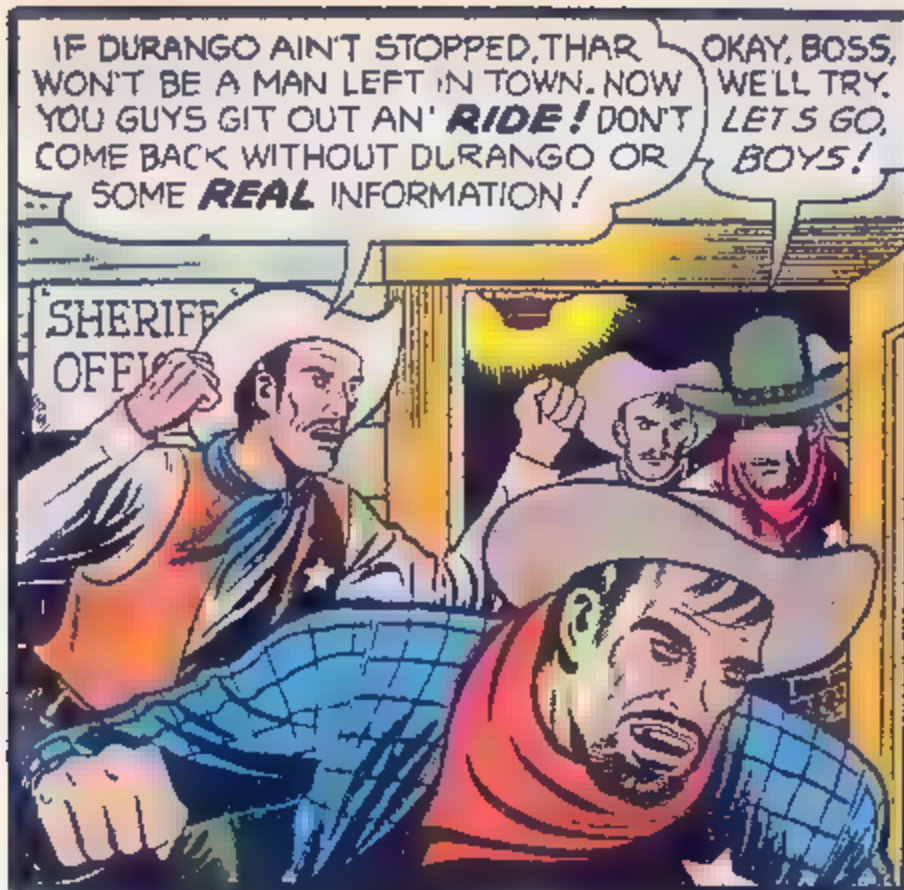
KEEP YOUR HANDS
UP HIGH, BOYS AND
COME ALONG WITH
ME!

WHUT THUH-
DURANGO ON
THUH OWLHOOT
TRAIL!

IT'S NOT YOUR
MONEY I'M
AFTER COWBOY-
I WANT **YOU!**



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

NO! NO! NO MORE!
I'LL TALK - IT WUZ SI STONE!
HE WANTED TUH BE SHERIFF AN'
RUN THUH TOWN! ALL US
DEPUTIES IS HIRED GUNSLINGERS -
SI HIRED US FER THUH JOB.
BUT I AINT HURT NOBODY -
HONEST...

WE HEARD
THET- **EVERY**
WORD!

SO **THAT'S** HOW IT WUZ!
WAIT'LL I GIT MUH HANDS
ON SI STONE!

THAT S WHY I HAD TO
KIDNAP YOU MEN AND BRING
YOU HERE. YOU WERE ALL
AGAINST ME - THIS WAS THE
ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU
TO HEAR THE TRUTH!

GIVE THEM BACK THEIR
GUNS MULEY - WE VE
GOT WORK TO DO!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...

NO LUCK, BOSS. ONLY THING THET
HAPPENED WUZ WE LOST PETE.
HE JEST **DISAPPEARED!**

OF ALL THUH
DUMB
BLANKETY-
BLANK-BLANK-
BLANK..!

HEY,
BOSS -
LOOK!

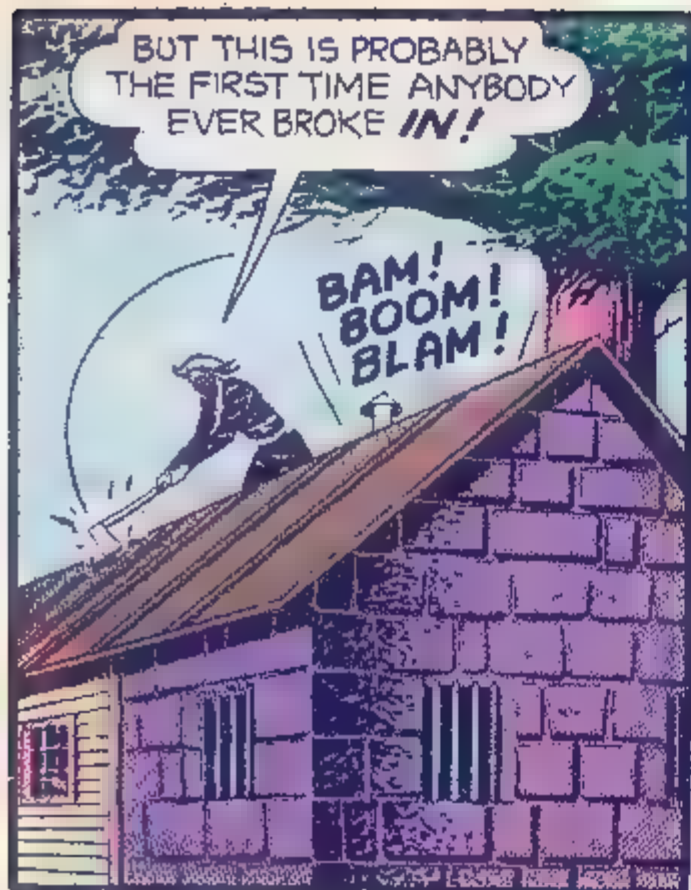
BLAZES! ITS ALL THOSE GUYS THAT
DISAPPEARED - AND DURANGO S LEAD-
ING THEM! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE
THING. GET INS DE, BOYS - AND
START SHOOTIN'!

DONT TAKE ANY RISKS, MEN - THOSE
HOMBRES ARENT WORTH IT! KEEP ME
COVERED - I'LL GRAB THIS AXE AND...

WE HEARD
OF PLENTY OF
BREAKS OUT
OF JAIL

**BANG!
BLAM!
BAM!**

THE DURANGO KID



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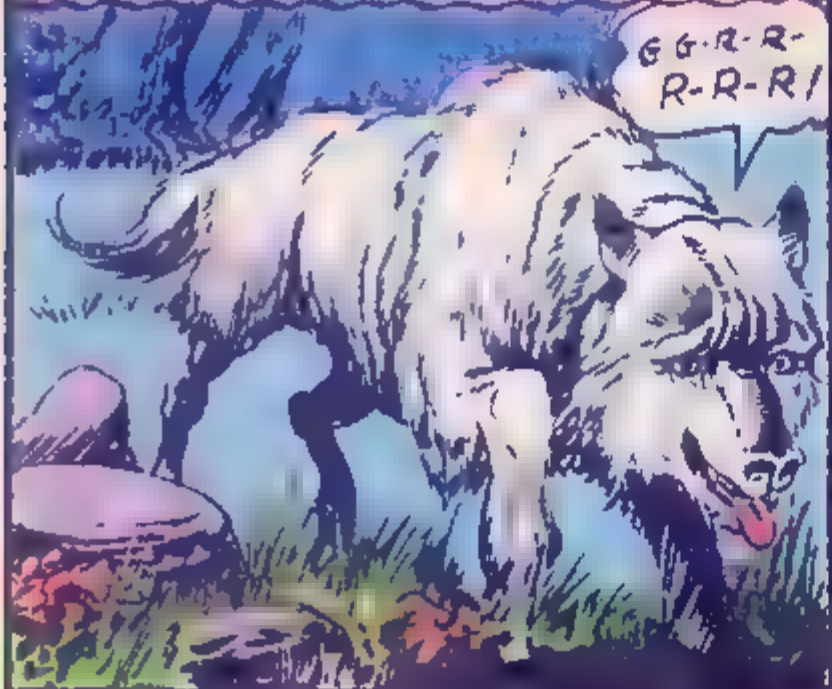
IN A DEEP WOODLAND,
A TENSE DRAIN OF
LIFE AND DEATH GRINDS
TO THE BITTER END
THE LAW OF THE WILD-
ERNESS IS GRIM AND
ITS RUTHLESS FACE
IS SEEN -

"THE REVENGE OF BALU"

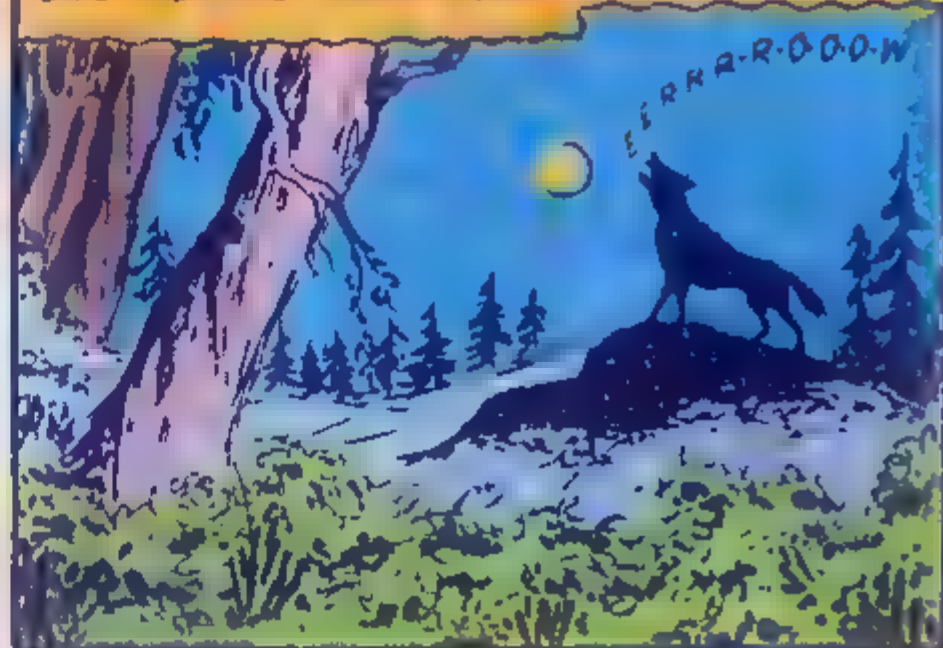


BALU THE WHITE WOLF, MONARCH OF THE
FOREST SCENTS A HATED MAN-SMELL!

GG-R-R-
R-R-R!



THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT SCENT!
THE WHITE WOLF IS UNEASY FEARFUL. THE MEMORY
OF A HATED THING MAKES HIS HACKLES RISE HE
BAYS HIS HATE TO THE MOON!



AND FROM WHERE DOES THIS HATED MAN-SMELL
COME? FROM SI BANNIS RENEGADE BRITISH SPY
— ARCH ENEMY OF DAN BRAND!!

GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS AT LAST!
THAT BLASTED WOLF'S BEEN
TRAILING ME FOR TWO
DAYS HOWLING LIKE
THAT EVERY
NIGHT...
I
CAN'T
SLEEP



THE RIFLE SHOT BLASTS THE FOREST SILENCE...



THE DURANGO KID

A BULLET IMBEDDED IN HIS SHOULDER, THE WHITE WOLF GOES IN SEARCH OF A HIDING PLACE

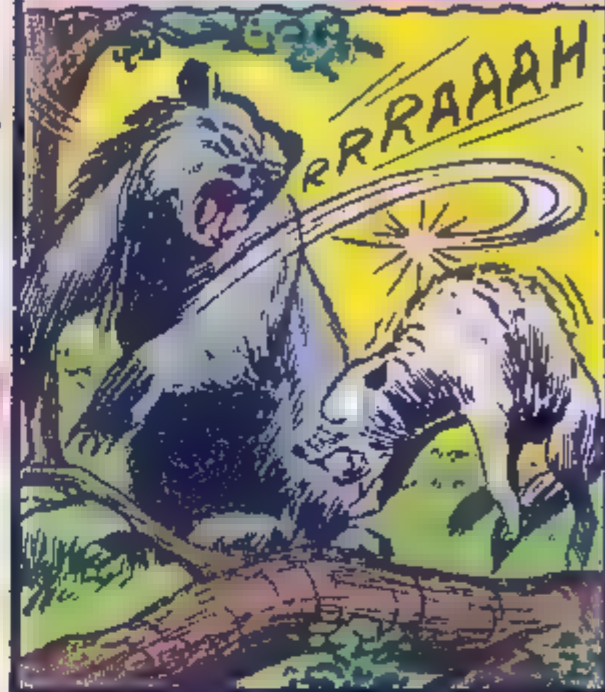


...AND RUNS SMACK INTO AN OLD ENEMY OF HIS!

GRRROOOW



MANY A TIME THE VALIANT WHITE WOLF HAS SENT THE BEAR HOWLING HOMEWARD, LICKING HIS WOUNDS. BUT NOW, BALU IS WEAK AND WOUNDED. THE BEAR SMELLS BLOOD—AND VENGEANCE!



IT LOOKS BAD FOR BALU, MONARCH OF THE FOREST!

RRRAAAA!

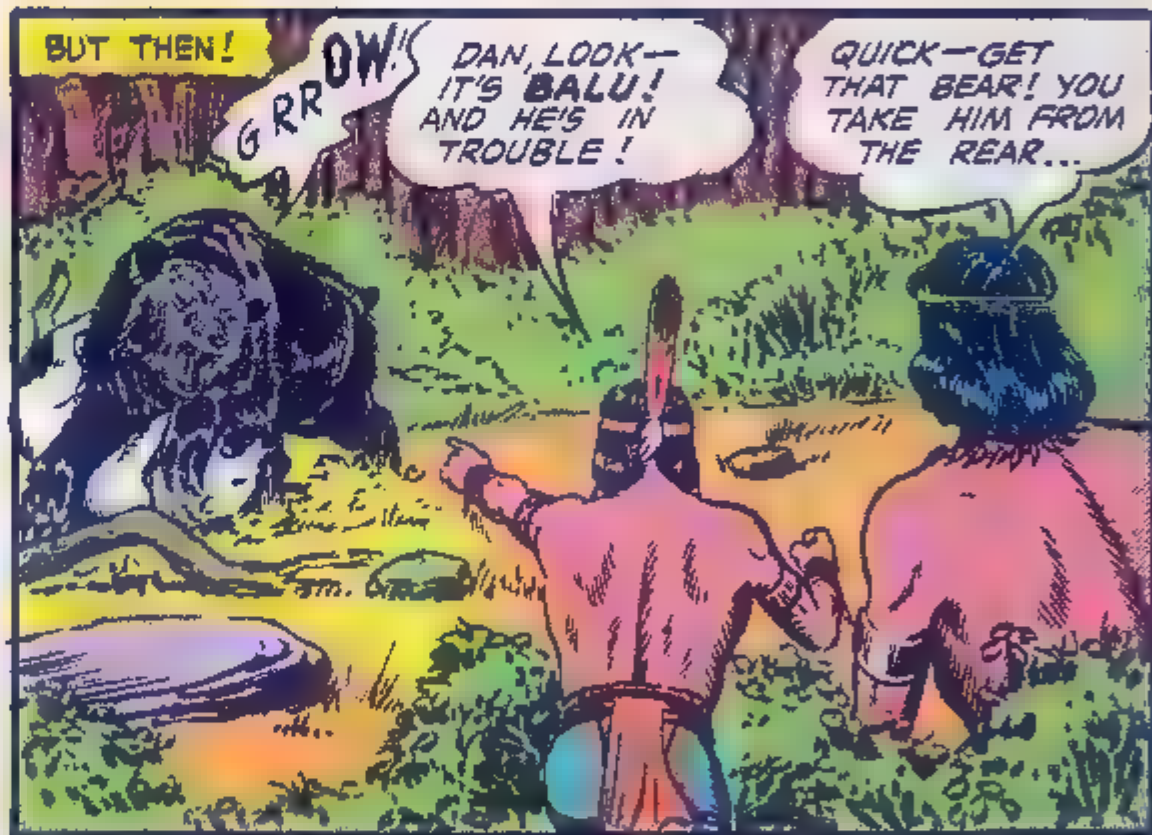


BUT THEN!

GRRROW!

DAN, LOOK—IT'S BALU! AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!

QUICK—GET THAT BEAR! YOU TAKE HIM FROM THE REAR...



CAREFUL, BROTHER, HE'S DANGEROUS!

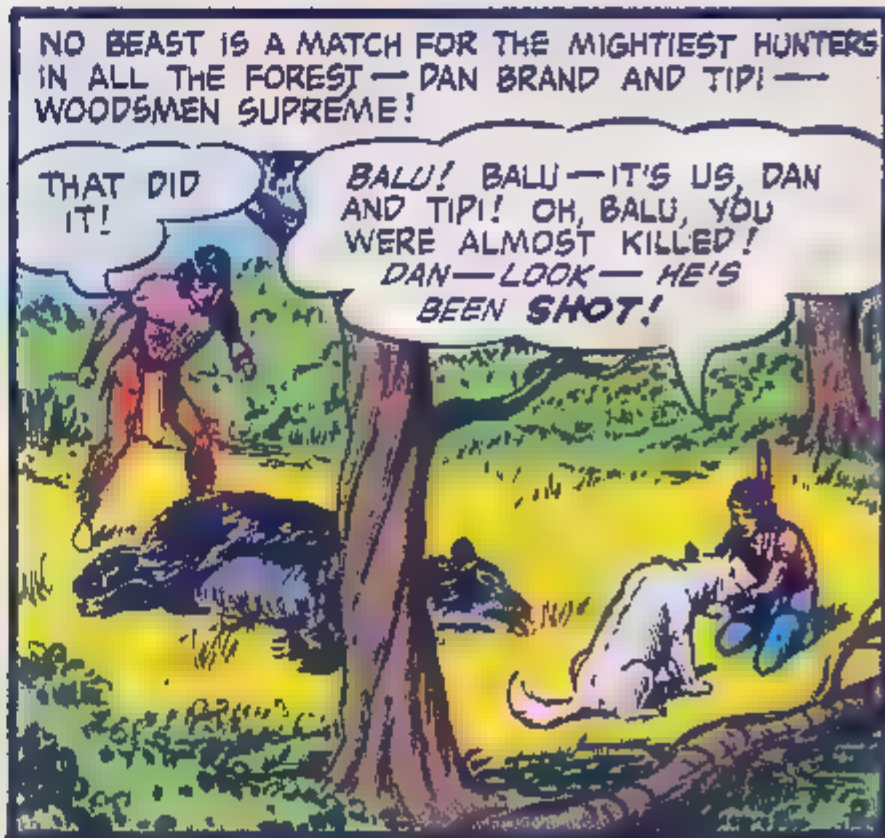
CAREFUL, YOURSELF!



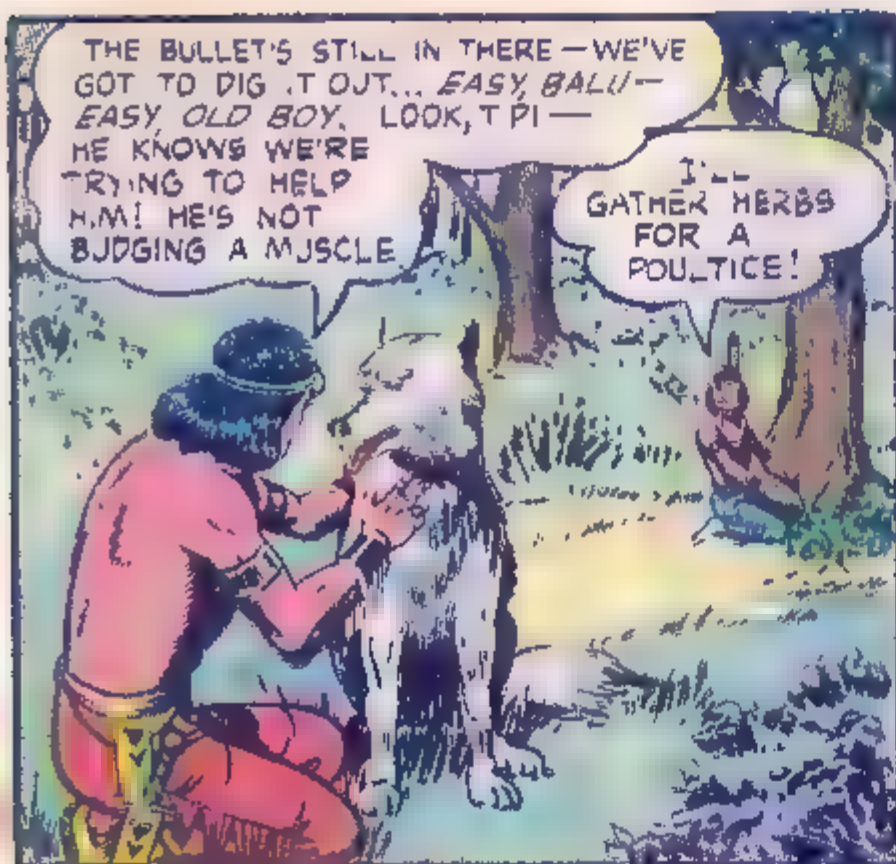
NO BEAST IS A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTIEST HUNTERS IN ALL THE FOREST—DAN BRAND AND TIFI—WOODSMEN SUPREME!

THAT DID IT!

BALU! BALU—IT'S US, DAN AND TIFI! OH, BALU, YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED! DAN—LOOK—HE'S BEEN SHOT!



THE DURANGO KID



THE BULLET'S STILL IN THERE—WE'VE GOT TO DIG IT OUT... EASY, BALU—EASY OLD BOY. LOOK, TPI—HE KNOWS WE'RE TRYING TO HELP HIM! HE'S NOT BUDGING A MUSCLE.

I'LL GATHER HERBS FOR A POULTICE!



HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW DAYS

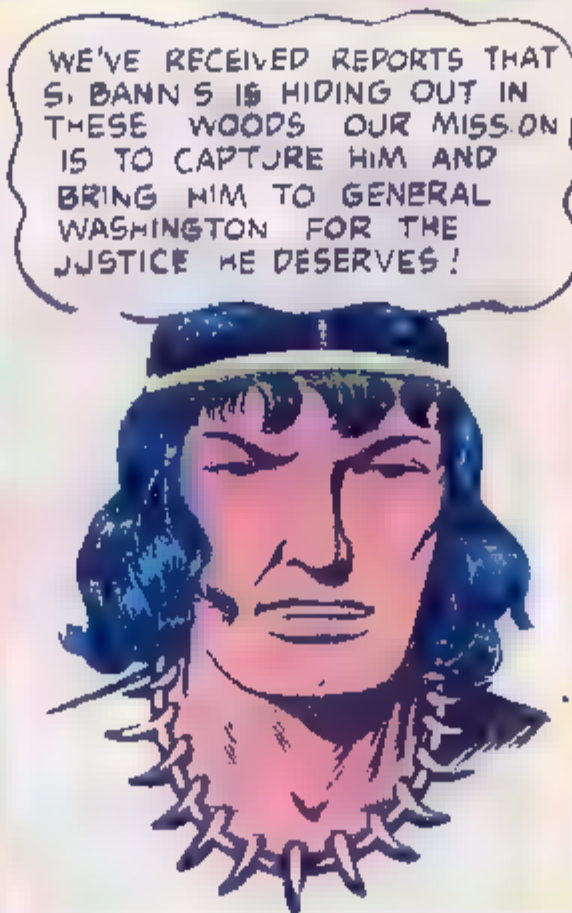
I HOPE SO! WE'VE GOT TO STAY WITH HIM, JUST TO MAKE SURE!



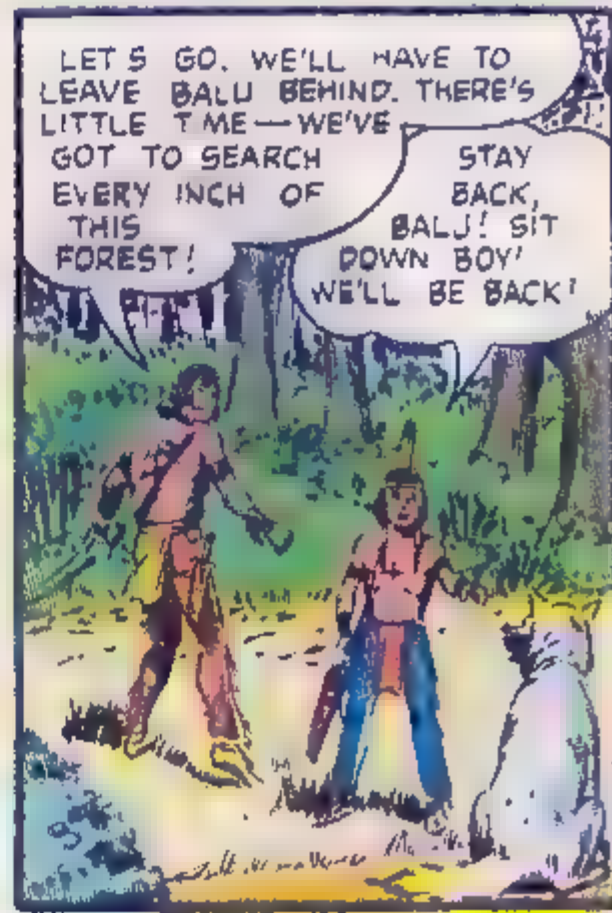
A FEW DAYS LATER...

GOOD! THEN WE'VE GOT TO BE MOVING! WE MUSTN'T FORGET WHY WE'RE HERE. WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME!

IT'S HEALING OVER, DAN

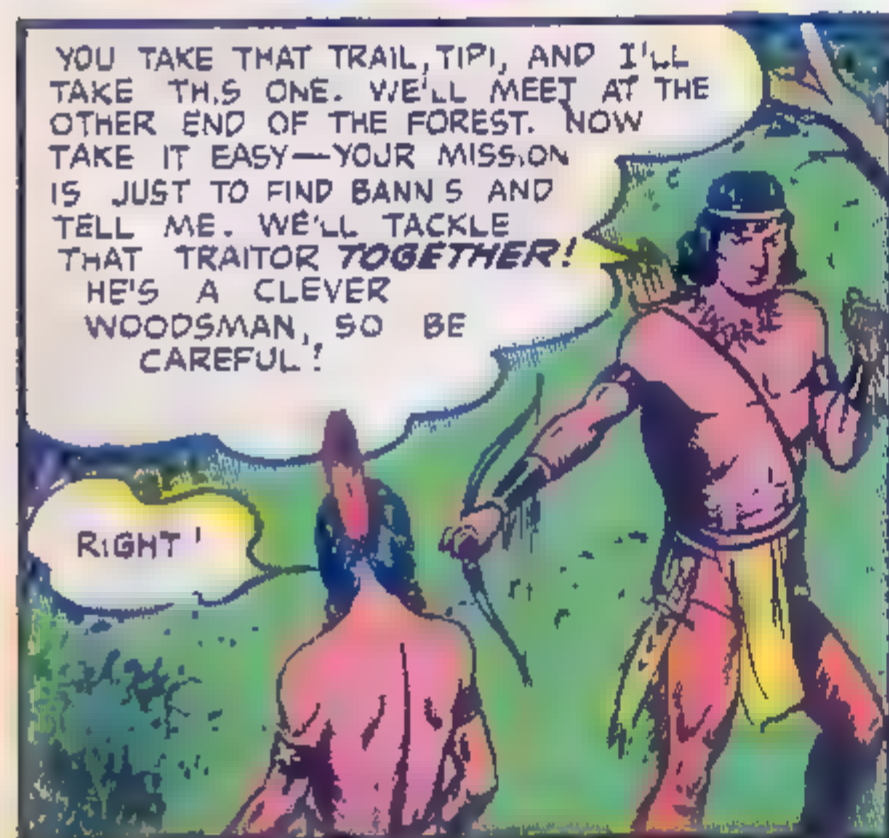


WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT S. BANN'S IS HIDING OUT IN THESE WOODS. OUR MISSION IS TO CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM TO GENERAL WASHINGTON FOR THE JUSTICE HE DESERVES!



LET'S GO. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE BALU BEHIND. THERE'S LITTLE TIME—WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS FOREST!

STAY BACK, BALU! SIT DOWN BOY! WE'LL BE BACK!



YOU TAKE THAT TRAIL, TPI, AND I'LL TAKE THIS ONE. WE'LL MEET AT THE OTHER END OF THE FOREST. NOW TAKE IT EASY—YOUR MISSION IS JUST TO FIND BANN'S AND TELL ME. WE'LL TACKLE THAT TRAITOR **TOGETHER!** HE'S A CLEVER WOODSMAN, SO BE CAREFUL!

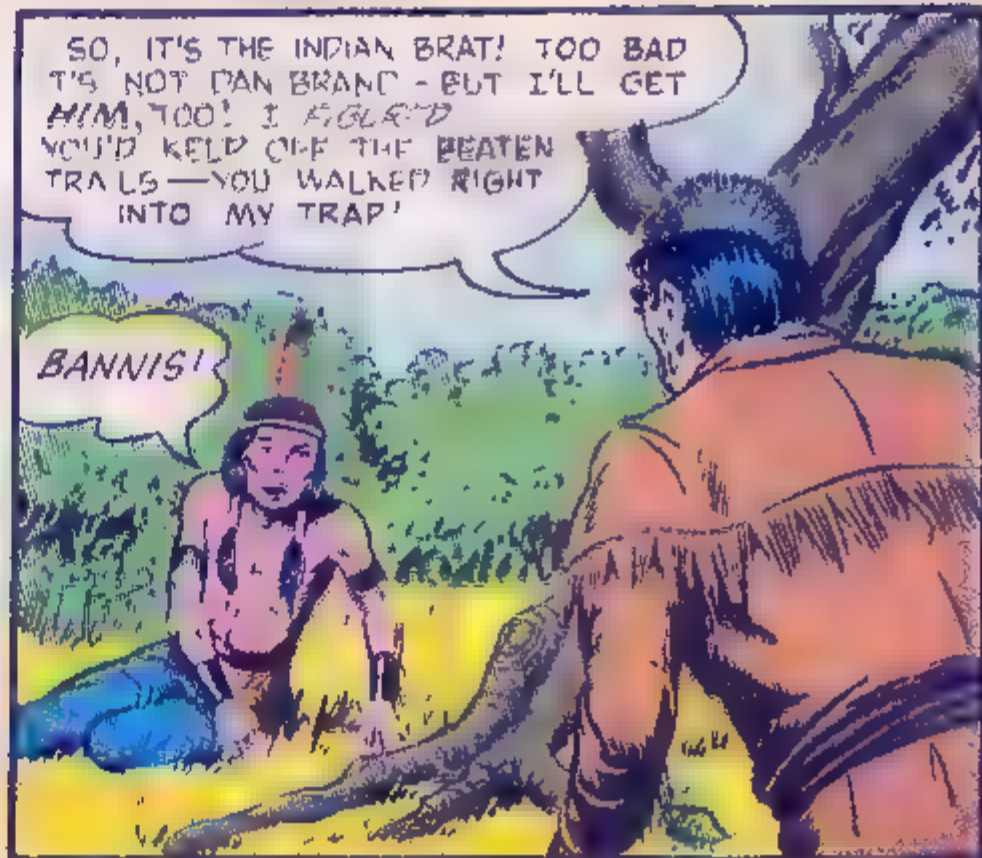
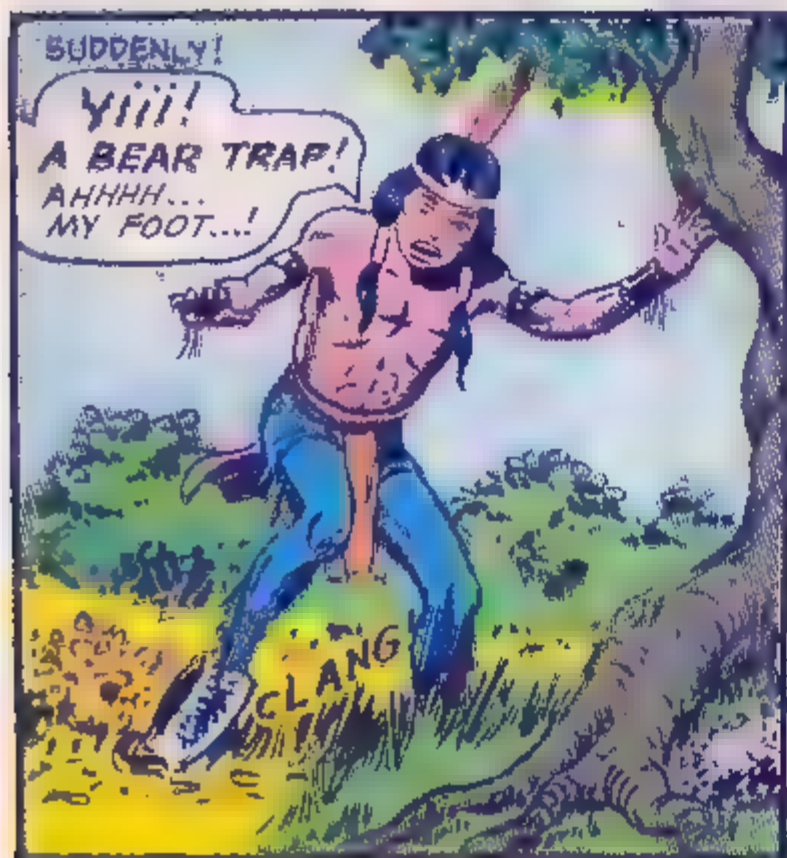
RIGHT!



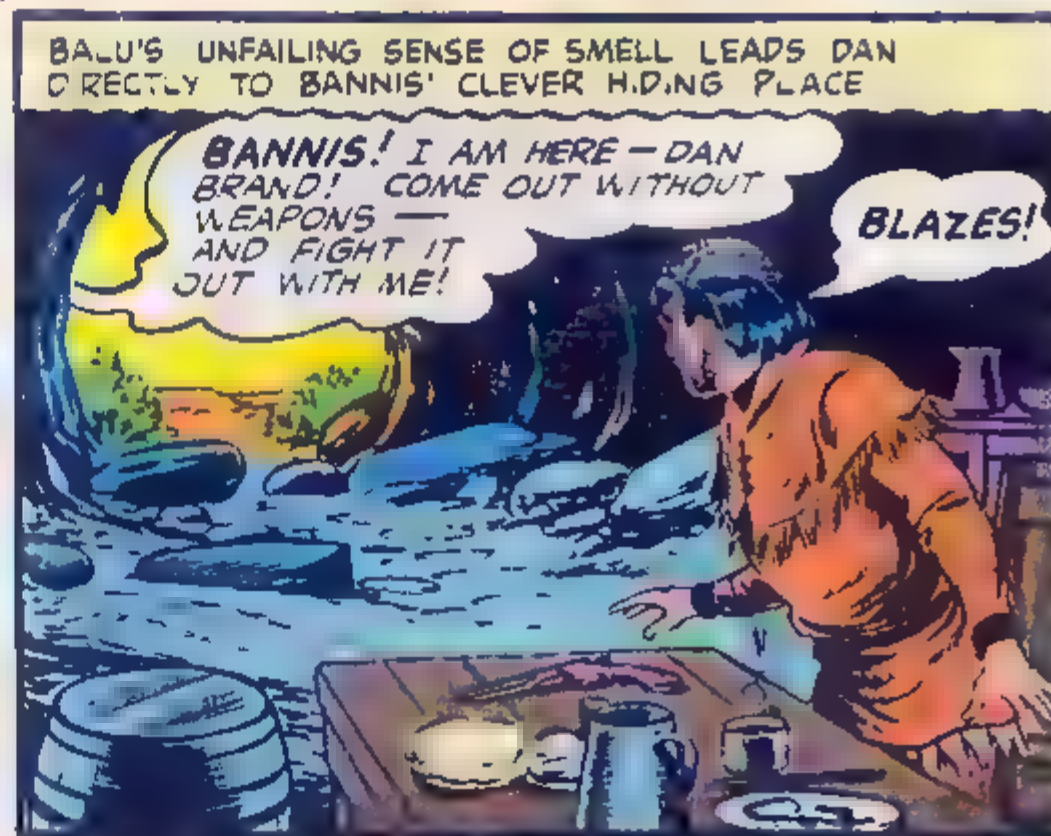
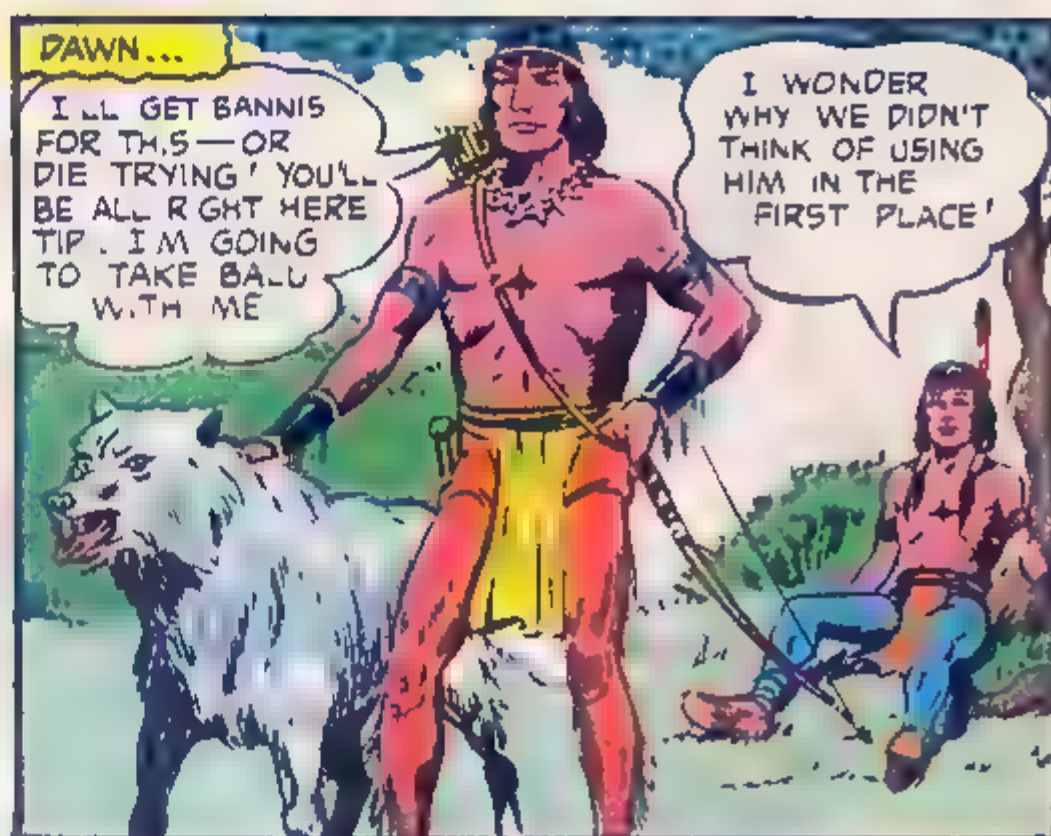
ALONE, TPI PENETRATES FAR INTO THE WOODS...

QUIETLY, NOT A SOUND—AS MY MOHAWK TEACHERS HAVE TAUGHT ME! I'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE BEATEN TRAILS.

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to
Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!

Take Easy Orders For STUART GREETING CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost everybody buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

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Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can
Make Money For The
Things You
Really
Want!

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

K.W.C., Geneva, Neb., made \$64.00
L.C., Marion, Ind., made \$52.00
J.D., Milwaukee, Wis., made \$108.00
S.K., Chicago, Ill., made \$147.00
R.B., Medway, Mass., made \$39.00
D.S., Boulder, Colo., made \$55.00
D.B., Holland, Mich., made \$30.00
W.A., Goodland, Ind., made \$39.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 425, Chicago 6, Ill.

MAIL
COUPON
NOW

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 425
325 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name _____

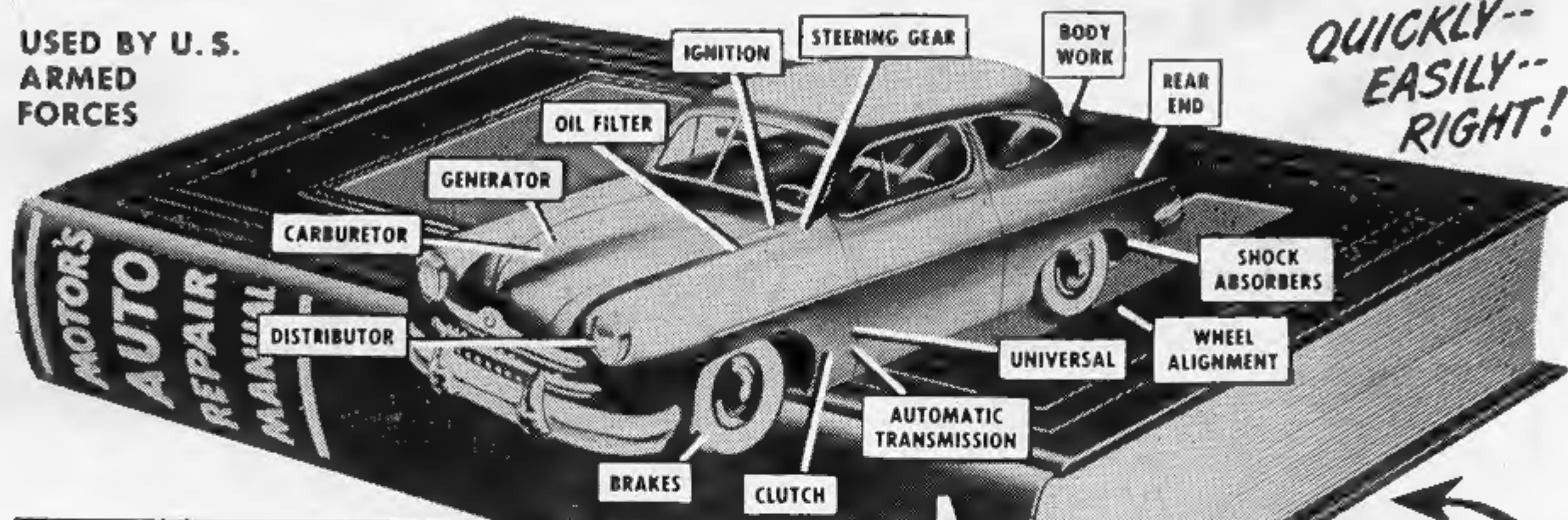
Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

If for a club, give its name above.

HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U.S.
ARMED
FORCES



QUICKLY--
EASILY--
RIGHT!

NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW 1953 AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2500 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.

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If Not Satisfied!

COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1953

YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

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ON THE BEAM!**

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**BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!**

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

**MAIL
COUPON**

Football,
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

Fishing Outfits
Flashlights
1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles

**ACT
NOW!**

HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE and pictures to
start.

**ACT
NOW**

**BE
FIRST**

Food Chop-
pers, Carving
Sets, Bibles.
Mail coupon.

LOOK!

Football, Tele-
scopes (sent postage
paid). Boys', Girls' Bi-
cycles (express chgs. collect).

**ACT
NOW!**

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Lovable
Dolls.

Radios,
Candid Cameras with carry-
ing cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid)
... Mail coupon to start.

**WE TRUST
YOU!**

**LET'S
GO!**

**WE
TRUST YOU!**

.22 Cal.
Rifles, Arch-
ery Sets, School
Boxes, Wallets.

Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to start.

Boys',
Girls'
Wrist
Watches,
Baking Sets,
Typewriters,
etc.

ACT NOW!

Lucite
Dresser
Sets, Cook
Books, etc.

SAY! THAT CAMERA DIDN'T COST
SURE IS SUPERSONIC! ME A DIME-
YOU MUST HAVE JUST GOT IT FOR
STRUCK A SELLING WHITE
URANIUM LODE! CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE,
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

TRAINING BASE



OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks,
Pen & Pencil
Sets, etc.
Mail
coupon.

**MAIL COUPON!
GET BIG CATALOG!**

Candid Cameras with carrying case,
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
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(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen
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scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,
Record Players, Movie Machines
(postage pd.). Rush cou-
pon to start!

**LET'S
GO!**

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Co. and its advertising agency

**OUR
58th YEAR!**

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 102, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
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sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ P. O. BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL